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The EAGLE'S HEART

By

HAMLIN GARLAND

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AUTHOR OF MAIN-TRAVELED ROADS, BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY, ETC.

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FIRST CHAPTER—HIS YOUTH

HAROLD was about ten years of age when his father, the Rev. Mr. Excell, took the pastorate of the First Church in Rock River. Many of the people in his first congregation remarked upon "the handsome lad." The clear brown of his face, his big yellow-brown eyes, his slender hands and the grace of his movements gave him distinction quite aside from that arising from his connection with the minister.

Rev. John Excell was a personable man himself. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with abundant brown hair and beard and a winning smile. His eyes were dark and introspective, but they could glow like sunlit topaz, or grow dim with tears, as his congregation had opportunity to observe during this first sermon—but they were essentially sad eyes.

Mrs. Excell, a colorless little woman who retained only the dim outline of her girlhood's beauty, sat gracelessly in her pew, but her stepdaughter, Maud, by her side, was carrying to early maturity a dainty grace united with something strong and fine drawn from her father. She had his proud lift of the head.

"What a fine family!" whispered the women from pew to pew under cover of the creaking fans.

In the midst of the first sermon, a boy seated in front of Harold gave a shrill whoop of agony and glared back at the minister's son with distorted face, and only the prompt action on the part of both mothers prevented a clamorous encounter over the pew. Harold had stuck the head of a pin in the toe of his boot and jabbed his neighbor in the calf of the leg. It was an old trick, but it served well.

The minister did not interrupt his reading, but a deep flush of hot blood arose to his face, and the lids of his eyes dropped to shut out the searching gaze of his parishioners. From that moment Harold was known as "that preacher's boy," the intention being to convey, by significant inflections and a meaning smile, that he filled the usual description of a minister's graceless son.

Harold soon became renowned in his own world. He had no hard-fought battles, though he had scores of quarrels, for he scared his opponents by the suddenness and the intensity of his rage.

"Good-by," she said in her sweet, soft-breathing voice

"You touch me and *I'll kill you*," he said in a low voice to the fat boy whose leg he had jabbed, and his bloodless face and blazing eyes caused the boy to leap frenziedly away. No one, not even youths grown to man's stature, cared to attempt violence with him. One lad, struck with a stone from his cunning right hand, was carried home in a carriage. Another, being thrown by one convulsive effort, fell upon his arm, breaking it at the elbow. In less than a week every boy in Rock River knew something of Harry Excell's furious temper and had learned that it was safer to be friend than enemy to him.

He had his partisans, too, for his was a singularly attractive nature when not enraged. He was a hearty, buoyant playmate and a good scholar five days out of six, but he demanded a certain consideration at all times. An accidental harm he bore easily, but an intentional injury—that was flame to powder.

The teachers in the public school each had him in turn as he ran rapidly up the grades. They all admired him unreservedly, but most of them were afraid of him, so that he received no more decisive check than at home. He was subject to no will but his own.

The principal was a kind and scholarly old man, who could make a boy cry with remorse and shame by his Christ-like gentleness, and Harold also wept in his presence, but that did not prevent him from fairly knocking out the brains of the next boy who annoyed him. In his furious, fickle way he often defended his chums or smaller boys, so that it was not easy to condemn him entirely.

There were rumors from the first Monday after Harold's pin-sticking exploit, that the minister had "lively sessions" with his boy. The old sexton privately declared that he heard muffled cries and the sound of blows rising from the cellar of the parsonage—but this story was quickly hushed on his lips.

The boy admittedly needed thrashing, but the deacons of the church would rather not have it known that the minister used the rod himself.

The rumors of the preacher's stern measures softened the judgment of some of the townspeople, who shifted some of the blame of the son to the shoulders of the sire. Harry called his father "the minister," and seemed to have no regard for him beyond a certain respect for his physical strength. When boys came by and raised the swimming sign he replied, "Wait till I ask 'the minister.'" This was considered "queer" in him.

He ignored his stepmother completely, but tormented his sister Maud in a thousand impish ways. He disarranged her neatly combed hair. He threw mud on her dress and put carriage grease on her white stockings on picnic day. He called her "chiny-thing," in allusion to her pretty round cheeks and clear complexion, and yet he loved her and would instantly fight for her, and no one else dared tease her or utter a word to annoy her. She was fourteen years of age when Mr. Excell came to town, and at sixteen considered herself a young lady. As suitors began to gather about her, they each had a vigorous trial to undergo with Harold; it was indeed equivalent to running the gauntlet. Maud was always in terror of him on the evenings when she had callers.

One day he threw a handful of small garter snakes into the parlor where his sister sat with young Mr. Norton. Maud sprang to a chair screaming wildly, while her suitor caught the snakes and threw them from the window just as the minister's tall form appeared.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

Maud, eager to shield Harry, said: "Oh, nothing much, papa—only one of Harry's jokes."

"Tell me," said the minister to the young man, who, with a painful smile on his face, stammeringly replied:

"Harry thought he'd scare me, that's all. It didn't amount to much."

"I insist on knowing the truth, Mr. Norton," the minister sternly insisted.

As Norton described the boy's action, Mr. Excell's face paled and his lips set close. His eyes became terrible to meet and the beaded sweat of his furious anger stood thick on his face. "Thank you," he said with ominous calmness and, turning without another word, went to his study.

Rev. John Excell was a personable man himself

His wife, stealing up, found the door locked and her husband walking the floor like a roused tiger. White and shaking with a sort of awe, Mrs. Excell ran down to the kitchen where Harold crouched and said:

"Harold, dear, you'd better go out to Mr. Burns' right away."

Harold understood perfectly what she meant, and fled. For hours neither Mrs. Excell nor Maud spoke above a whisper. When the minister came down to tea he made no comment on Harry's absence. He had worn out his white-hot rage, but was not yet in full control of himself.

He remained silent and kept his eyes on his plate during the meal.

The last time he had punished Harold the scene narrowly escaped a tragic ending. When the struggle ended Harold lay on the floor insensible.

When he had become calm and Harold was sleeping naturally in his own bed, the father knelt at his wife's knee and prayed God for grace to bear his burden, and said:

"Mary, keep us apart when we are angry. He is like me: he has my fiendish temper. No matter what I say or do, keep us apart till I am calm. By God's grace I will never touch his flesh again in anger."

Nevertheless he dared not trust himself to refer to the battles which shamed them all. The boy was deeply repentant, but uttered no word of it. And so they grew ever more silent in their intercourse.

Harold early developed remarkable skill with horses and once rode in the races at the County Fair, to the scandal of the First Church. He not only won the race, but was at once offered a great deal of money to go with the victor to other races. To his plea the father, with deep-laid diplomacy, replied:

"Very well; study hard this year and next year you may go." But the boy was just at the age to take on weight rapidly, and by the end of the year was too heavy, and the owner of the horse refused to repeat his offer. Harold did not fail to remark how he had been cheated, but said nothing more of his wish to be a jockey.

He was also fond of firearms, and during his boyhood his father tried in every way to keep weapons from him, and a box in his study contained a contraband collection of his son's weapons. There was a certain pathos in this little arsenal, for it gave evidence of considerable labor on the boy's part and expressed much of buoyant hope and restless energy.

There were a half-dozen Fourth of July pistols, as many cannons for crackers, and three attempts at real guns intended to explode powder and throw a bullet. Some of them were "toggled up" with twine, and one or two had handles rudely carved out of wood. Two of them were genuine revolvers which he had managed to earn by working in the harvest field on the Burns' farm.

From his fifteenth year he was never without a shotgun and revolver. The shotgun was allowed, but the revolver was still contraband and kept carefully concealed. On Fourth of July he always helped to fire the anvil and fireworks, for he was deft and sure and quite at home with explosives. He had acquired great skill with both gun and pistol as early as his thirteenth year, and his feats of marksmanship came now and then to the ears of his father.

The father and son were in open warfare. Harold submitted to every command, outwardly, but inwardly vowed to break all restraint which he considered useless or unjust.

His greatest ambition was to acquire a "mustang pony," for all the adventurous spirits of the novels he had known carried revolvers and rode mustangs. He did not read much, but when he did it was always some tale of fighting. He was too restless and active to continue at a book of his

own accord for any length of time, but he listened delightedly to any one who consented to read for him. When his sister Maud wished to do him a great favor and to enjoy his company (for she loved him dearly) she read some exciting story of the plains while he lay out on his stomach in the grass under the trees, with restless feet swinging like pendulums. At such times his face was beautiful with longing and his eyes became dark and dreamy. "I'm going there, Beauty," he would say as Maud rolled out the word *Colorado*, or *Brazos*. "I'm going there. I won't stay here. I'll go, you'll see, and I'll have a big herd of cattle, too."

His gentlest moments were those spent with his sister in the fields or under the trees. As he grew older he became curiously tender and watchful of her. It pleased him to go ahead of her through the woods, to pilot the way and to help her over ditches or fences. He loved to lead her into dense thickets and to look around and say: "There, isn't this wild, though? You couldn't find your way out if it wasn't for me, could you?" And she, to carry out the spirit of the story, always shuddered and said, "Don't leave me to perish here."

Once as he lay with his head in the grass, he suddenly said, "Can't you hear the Colorado roar?"

The wind was sweeping over the trees, and Maud, eager to keep him in this gentle mood, cried: "I hear it; it is a wonderful river, isn't it?"

He did not speak again for a moment.

"Oh, I want to be where there is nobody west of me," he said, a look of singular beauty on his face. "Don't you?"

"N—no, I don't," answered Maud. "But, then, I'm a girl, you know; we're afraid of wild things, most of us."

"Dot Burland isn't."

"Oh, she only pretends; she wants you to think she's brave."

"That's not so." He said it so savagely that Maud hastened to apologize.

Dakota to the settlers, you shall be unmolested so long as grass grows and water runs."

But the very guard sent in to protect this commission reported "gold in the grass roots," and the insatiate greed of the white man broke all bounds—the treaty was ignored, and Sitting Bull, the last great chieftain of the Sioux, calling his people together, withdrew deeper into the wilderness of Wyoming. The soldiers were sent on the trail and the press teemed for months with news of battles and speeches and campaigns.

All these exciting events Harry and his friend Jack read and discussed hotly. Jack was eager to own a mine. "I'd like to pick up a nugget," he said, but Harold was not interested. "I don't care to mine; I'd like to be with General Custer. I'd like to be one of the scouts. I'd like to have a coat like that." He pointed at one of the pictures wherein two or three men in fringed buckskin shirts and wide hats were galloping across a rocky plain.

Many times, as the two boys met to talk over these alluring matters, the little town and the dusty lanes became exceedingly tame and commonplace.

Harold's eyes glowed as he talked to his sweetheart of these wild scenes, and she listened because he was so alluring as he lay pouring out a vivid recital of his plans.

His gentlest moments were those spent with his sister—under the trees

SECOND CHAPTER
HIS LOVE AFFAIRS

NATURALLY a lad of this temper had his loves. He made no secret of them, and all the young people in the town knew his sweethearts and the precise time when his passion changed its course. If a girl pleased him he courted her with the utmost directness, but he was by no interpretation a love-sick youth. His likings were more in the nature of proprietary comradeship and were expressed without caresses or ordinary words of endearment.

His courtship amounted to service. He waited about to meet and help his love, he hastened to defend her and to guide her, and if the favored one knew her rôle she humored his fancies, permitting him to aid her in finding her way across a weedy pasture lot or over a tiny little brook which he was pleased to call a torrent. A smile of derision was fatal. He would not submit to ridicule or joking. At the first jocular word his hands clenched and his eyes flamed with anger. His was not a face of laughter; for the most part it was serious in expression and his eyes were rapt with dreams of great deeds.

He had one mate to whom he talked freely, and him he chose often to be his companion in the woods or on the prairies. This was John Burns, son of a farmer who lived near the town. Harry spent nearly every Saturday and Sunday during the summer months on the Burns farm. He helped Jack during haying and harvest, and when their tasks were done the two boys wandered away to the bank of the river, and there, under some great basswood tree on delicious sward, they lay and talked of wild animals and Indians and the West. At this time the great chieftains of the Sioux, Sitting Bull and Gall, were becoming famous to the world, and the first reports of the findings of gold in the Black Hills were being made. A commission appointed by President Grant had made a treaty with the Sioux wherein Sitting Bull was told: "If you go to this new reservation and leave

"I'm not going to stay here much longer," he said; "it's too dull. I can't stand much more school. If it wasn't for you I'd run away right now."

Dot only smiled back at him and laid her hand on his hair. She was his latest sweetheart. He loved her for her vivid color, her abundant and beautiful hair, and also because she was a sympathetic listener. She, on her part, enjoyed the sound of his eager voice and the glow of his deep brown eyes. They were both pupils in the little seminary in the town, and he saw her every day walking to and from the recitation halls. He often carried her books for her and in many other little ways insisted on serving her.

Almost without definable reason the "Wild West" came to be a land of wonder, lit as by some magical light. Its cañons, arroyos and mesquit, its broncos, cowboys, Indians and scouts filled the boy's mind with thoughts of daring, not much unlike the fancies of a boy in the days of knight-errantry.

Of the Indians he held mixed opinions. At times he thought of them as a noble race, at others—when he dreamed of fame—he wished to kill a great many of them and be very famous. Most of the books he read were based upon the slaughter of the "redskins," and yet at heart he wished to be one of them and to taste the wild joy of their poetic life, filled with hunting and warfare. Sitting Bull, Chief Gall, Rain-in-the-Face, Spotted Tail, Star-in-the-Brow and Black Buffalo became wonder-working names in his mind. Every line in the newspapers which related to the life of the cowboys or Indians he read and remembered, for his plan was to become a part of it as soon as he had money enough to start.

There were those who would have contributed five dollars each to send him, for he was considered a dangerous influence among the village boys. If a window were broken by hoodlums at night it was counted against the minister's son. If a melon patch were raided and the fruit scattered and broken, Harold was considered the ringleader. Of the judgments of their elders the rough lads were well aware, and they took pains that no word of theirs should shift blame from Harold's shoulders to their own. By hints and sly remarks they fixed unalterably in the minds of their fathers and mothers the conception that Harold was a desperately bad and reckless boy. In his strength, skill and courage they really believed, and, being afraid of him, they told stories of his exploits, even among themselves, which bordered on the marvelous.

In reality he was not a leader of these raids. His temperament was not of that kind. He did not care to assume direction of an expedition because it carried too much trouble and some responsibility. His mind was wayward and liable to shift to some other thing at any moment; besides, mischief for its own sake did not appeal to him. The real leaders were the two sons of the village shoemaker. They were under-sized, weazened, shrewd, sly little scamps and appeared not to have the resolution of chickadees, but had a singular genius for getting others into trouble. They knew how to handle spirits like Harold. They dared him to do evil deeds, taunted him (as openly as they felt it safe to do) with cowardice, and so spurred him to attempt some trifling depredation merely as a piece of adventure. Almost invariably when they touched him on this nerve Harold responded with a rush, and when discovery came was nearly always among the culprits taken and branded, for his pride would not permit him to sneak and run. So it fell out that time after time he was found among the grape-stealers, or the melon raiders, and escaped prosecution only because the men of the town laid it to "boyish deviltry," and not to any deliberate intent to commit a crime.

After his daughter married, Mr. Excell made another effort to win the love of his son, and failed. Harold cared nothing for his father's scholarship or oratorical powers, but he sometimes boasted of his father among the boys.

"If father wasn't a minister, he'd be one of the strongest men in this town," he said once to Jack. "Look at his shoulders. His arms are hard, too. Of course he can't show his muscle, but I tell you he can box and swing dumb-bells."

If the father had known it, in the direction of athletics lay the road to the son's heart, but the members of the First Church were not sufficiently advanced to approve of a muscular minister, and so Mr. Excell kept silent on such subjects and swung his dumb-bells in private. As a matter of fact, he had been a good hunter in his youth in Michigan, and might have won his son's love by tales of the wood, but he did not.

For the most part, Harold ignored his father's occasional moments of tenderness and spent the larger part of his time with his sister or at the Burns' farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns saw all that was manly and good in the boy and they stoutly defended him on all occasions.

"The boy is put upon," Mrs. Burns always argued. "A quieter, more peaceabler boy I never knew except my own Jack. They're good, helpful boys, both of 'em, and I don't care what anybody says."

Jack, being slower of thought and limb, worshiped his chum, whose alertness and resource humbled him, though he was much the better scholar in all routine work. He read more than Harold, but Harold seized upon the facts and transmuted them instantly into something vivid and dramatic. He assumed all leadership in the hunting and upon Jack fell all the drudgery. He always did the reading, also,

while Harold listened and dreamed with eyes that seemed to look across miles of peaks. His was the eagle's heart; wild reaches allured him. Minute beauties of garden or flower were not for him. The groves along the river had long since lost their charm because he knew their limits—they no longer appealed to his imagination.

A hundred times he said: "Come, let's go West and kill buffalo. To-morrow we will see the snow on Pike's Peak." The wild country was so near, its pressure day by day moulded his mind. He had no care or thought of cities. He dreamed of the plains and horses and herds of buffalo and troops of Indians filing down the distant slopes. Every poem of the range, every word which carried flavor of the wild country, every picture of a hunter remained in his mind.

The feel of a gun in his hands gave him the keenest delight, and to stalk geese in a pond or crows in the cornfield enabled him to imagine the joy of hunting the bear and the buffalo. He had the hunter's patience and was capable of creeping on his knees in the mud for hours in the attempt to kill a duck. He could imitate almost all the birds and animals he knew. His whistle would call the mother grouse to him. He could stop the whooping of cranes in their steady flight and his honking deceived the wary geese. When complimented for his skill in hunting he scornfully said:

"Oh, that's nothing. Any one can kill small game; but buffaloes and grizzlies: they are the boys!"

During the winter of his sixteenth year a brother of Mr. Burns returned from Kansas, which was then a strange and far-off land, and from him Harold drew vast streams of talk. The boy was insatiate when the plains were under discussion. From this veritable cattleman he secured many new words. With great joy he listened while Mr. Burns spoke of cinches, ropes, corrals, buttes, arroyos and other Spanish-Mexican words which the boys had observed in their dime novels, but which they had never before heard any one use in common speech. Mr. Burns alluded to an aparejo or an arroyo as casually as Jack would say "singletree," or "furrow," and his stories brought the distant plains country very near.

Harold sought opportunity to say: "Mr. Burns, take me back with you; I wish you would."

The cattleman looked at him. "Can you ride a horse?"

Jack spoke up: "You bet he can, uncle. He rode in the races."

Burns smiled as a king might upon a young knight seeking an errant.

"Well, if your folks don't object, when you get done with school and Jack's mother says *he* can come, you make a break for Abilene; we'll see what I can do with you on the 'long trail.'"

Harold took this offer very seriously, much more so than Mr. Burns intended he should do, although he was pleased with the boy.

Harold well knew that his father and mother would not consent, and very naturally said nothing to them about his plan, but thereafter he laid by every cent of money he could earn, until his thrift became a source of comment. To Jack he talked for hours of the journey they were to make.

Jack, unimaginative and engrossed with his studies at the seminary, took the whole matter very calmly. It seemed a long way off at best, and his studies were pleasant and needed his whole mind. Harold was thrown back upon the company of his sweetheart, who was the only one else to whom he could talk freely.

Dot, indolent, smiling creature of cozy corners that she was, listened without emotion, while Harold, with eyes ablaze with visions of the great, splendid plains, said: "I'm going West sure. I'm tired of school; I'm going to Kansas, and I'm going to be a great cattle king in a few years, Dot, and then I'll come back and get you and we'll go live on the banks of a big river, and we'll have plenty of horses and go riding and hunting antelope every day. How will you like that?"

Her unresponsiveness hurt him and he said:

"You don't seem to care whether I go or not."

She turned and looked at him vacantly, still smiling, and he saw that she had not heard a single word of his passionate speech. He sprang up, hot with anger and pain.

"If you don't care to listen to me you needn't," he said, speaking through his clenched teeth.

She smiled, showing her little white teeth prettily. "Now, don't get mad, Harry; I was thinking of something else. Please tell me again."

"I won't. I'm done with you."

A big lump arose in his throat and he turned away to hide the quick tears of mortified pride. He could not have put it into words, but he perceived the painful truth. Dot had considered him a boy all along, and had only half listened to his stories and plans in the past, deceiving him for some purpose of her own. She was a smiling, careless hypocrite.

"You've lied to me," he said, turning and speaking with the bluntness of a boy without subtlety of speech. "I never'll speak to you again; good-by."

Dot kept swinging her foot. "Good-by," she said in her sweet, soft-breathing voice.

He walked away slowly, but his heart was hot with rage and wounded pride, and every time he thought of the tone in which she said "Good-by," his flesh quivered. He was seventeen and considered himself a man; she was eighteen, and thought him only a boy. She had never listened to him; that he now understood. Maud had been right. Dot had only pretended, and now for some reason she ceased to pretend.

There was just one comfort in all this: it made it easier for him to go to the sunset country, and his wounded heart healed a little at the thought of riding a horse behind a roaring herd of buffaloes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

—the father knelt at his wife's knee and prayed God for grace to bear his burden

The Gospel Ships of the Prairies

By Waldon Fawcett

ONE of the strangest and yet one of the most effective religious revivals which has ever taken place in this country has been in progress during the past two years along the lines of several of the great Western railroads and is rapidly spreading to others. Of course, practical missionary work of various kinds was inaugurated among the railroaders long ere that, but it was on no such unique plan as that now followed. The present work is being carried on by the men who operate the trains across the plains themselves. There are engineers of the fast mail, train dispatchers, firemen, brakemen and conductors. Said one good-natured reprobate recently:

"This road is getting too good for me. Why, you can't even swear any more when you miss a coupling but some one puts his hand on your shoulder and asks you not to. If it was some missionaryin' cuss you wouldn't need to pay any attention to him, but the worst of it is it's your own familiar friends that's doin' it. And the blame thing's ketchin'."

The Contagion of Railroad Revivals

It all started when Jim Burwick, the Dwight L. Moody of railroad men, went out to the junction town of Ottumwa in the winter of 1898 and began to ask the "boys" there in a very practical way what was the matter with Kansas and all the other States in that vicinity. Now, Jim Burwick runs on the road six months of the year as a freight conductor, spending the remainder of his time in conducting services for railroad men, and he seems to know just how to talk to his fellow-craftsmen. At least he knew just how to talk to the men who dropped into his meetings at Ottumwa. It wasn't very long until train dispatchers were telling each other over the wire at odd moments that the meetings at this and that point were "O. K.," and engineers were nailing up in the cabs copies of the little marked Testaments which were freely distributed.

The interest was indeed "ketchin'." A constantly increasing number of men came out of the railroad service for brief intervals to help along the work, and even the boilermakers and other shopmen began to take a hand. Before the present year was very far advanced the revival was spreading from one end to the other of several of the most extensive transportation systems west of the Mississippi River. In many cases the general morals of towns along the line have been perceptibly improved. The little stories which are told at the "experience" meetings are glimpses into the inner life of the railroader that are as fascinatingly interesting as the tales one hears at a Salvation Army mission in the slums.

Mission Work in a Caboose

One Sunday morning a Burlington engineer asked his conductor to join him for a walk. "I didn't tell you last night," he said, "but your head man was loaded coming in on that last trip. I was afraid you'd fire him, so I let him stay in the cab, and by using the air pretty frequent, and having Jimmy turn the switches, we got in on time."

"Think we can get him saved?" says the conductor.

"Well, we can try."

Then they paid the brakeman a little call, and—well, he didn't lose his job.

While the railroad men are pushing the work of making better railroaders, the promoters of another plan with a somewhat similar object are steadily extending their operations. The chief difference is that the chapel cars are designed to carry an educating and uplifting influence not only to the railroad men of the West, but to the inhabitants of remote, sparsely settled sections as well. Many people in the West who had an opportunity to observe the work will tell you that they believe that these chapel cars are doing fully as much good as the loudly lauded gospel ships plying on the rivers of Africa.

It was fully ten years ago that a wealthy man who made a trip in a private car through the States along the northern border of the country, from Chicago to the Pacific, was impressed with the fact that many of the towns were utterly devoid of religious privileges and opportunities for mental recreation. He told some of his friends about it, and a coterie of men in Wall Street who had a keen eye for other good investments than stocks and bonds, formed the Chapel-Car Syndicate and furnished the funds to build the first car. Now there are a number of these cars in service in all sections of the Western country. The railroads, which are, as a rule, very liberal in any expenditures for the good of the communities along their lines, transport the cars and their attendants free of charge.

Big Dividends of the Chapel-Car Syndicate

The different cars are designated Good Will, Glad Tidings, and other appropriate titles. One car was built from subscriptions received exclusively from women, and another from the contributions made by young men. The cars remain from four days to three weeks at a place. Not only are religious services held, but Sunday-schools are organized, and frequently a movement is started for a young people's organization of some kind. Then, too, people of the community have the benefit, during the stay, of the well-stocked library which is an adjunct to almost every car. The cars will seat only about one hundred persons, but this is adequate, as seldom does a car visit a town of more than five hundred inhabitants, and very frequently a stop is made at a community with only thirty, forty or seventy-five inhabitants.

One or two of the cars such as have been described are devoted almost exclusively to work among the railroad employees. Often they are side-tracked at the repair shop at some junction, and the men attend the opening meeting in their working clothes during the noon lunch hour. Manifestly, it would be unfair to dismiss the subject of the work being carried on in the interest of ambition and progress among railroad men without a word relative to the extensive operations of the rapidly growing railroad branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. The efforts of this organization are, of course, confined largely for the present to the territory east of the Mississippi, but ere long the entire country will share in the benefits of the projects. Special buildings are being erected convenient to repair shops or railroad yards, and every effort is made to enable the railroader to enjoy the privileges of the gymnasium, baths and reading-rooms during the brief interval when he may be waiting to go out on a "run."

Already the effect of these influences is apparent in the gradual evolution of "the new railroad man"—one of the most capable, most intelligent and most interesting types of the American citizen.

RUNNING BUSINESS

By Honorable

A CITY ON LINES

Bird S. Coler

HON. BIRD S. COLER

IN RECENT years there has been a growing tendency in the larger cities of the country to relax party lines and partisan issues in municipal campaigns, and the chief platform declaration of all parties, factions and candidates has been a promise, usually positive and specific, to apply business methods in the conduct of city government. It has become popular political metaphor to liken a municipality to the property of a corporation, the taxpayers, or the entire population, representing the stockholders, and the elected officers the directors or trustees. To carry the comparison along in logical sequence it would then become the duty of city officers to manage the affairs of the corporation with a view of obtaining the best results for the entire population with the smallest outlay. This is, in the broad sense of the phrase, applying business methods to city government.

But the purpose of management is not identical in the case of a municipality and a private corporation, and methods must therefore differ in a number of particulars. Every private business is conducted for the purpose of making money for the owners, and investments are made and new enterprises undertaken with a view to early and profitable returns upon the capital invested. The affairs of cities are not conducted with a view to the accumulation of property or money for the corporation, and it is often necessary to make large investments from which no return can be expected except better physical and moral conditions for the inhabitants.

No intelligent person will seriously dispute the proposition that the financial affairs of a municipality should be conducted on the same general lines as those of a private corporation; but in applying the system the public officer is confronted at the outset by grave problems over the solution of which public opinion is apparently hopelessly divided.

The Necessity for Home Rule in Great Cities

In my opinion, the first and most important step toward businesslike conduct of city government is complete home rule. Cities that are governed in large part by State Legislatures are invariably badly governed. Urban and suburban interests are constantly in conflict in such cases. The country is jealous and suspicious of the city, and the people of the latter are disposed to be intolerant of the rights and prejudices of rural communities. In every State Legislature the country members outnumber the representatives of the cities, and whenever there is a conflict of interests the municipalities suffer. Large cities become footballs of politics when ruled from the State capitol. Unable to obtain their rights by fair means the temptation to bribery and corruption is often too strong to be resisted.

Every city should have the best charter that statesmanship can devise, and it should be left free to manage all local affairs without the possibility of interference by a superior lawmaking power. In the making of the charter the local interests of a city should be considered, and its growth, development and government should not be hampered by unnecessary restrictions. All the States of the Union, I believe, limit by constitutional provision the power of cities to incur debt. This limitation is fixed by some arbitrary rule and applies to every municipality within the State, without regard to local conditions. This is a relic of State rule that antedates the intelligent study and development of business methods in the government of cities, and in many cases it has become a handicap upon commercial progress.

A good charter for the great city of New York might prove a license for reckless extravagance and corruption in an interior town or village. In fixing the debt limit of cities by constitutional or charter enactment, provision should be made for the proper development of the great commercial and other property interests that are created by the building of large municipalities. Cities ought to have ample power and means to develop to the utmost all public property that is at once a utility and a profitable investment. Money invested by a municipality in the development and operation of property that yields a profitable revenue need not be charged against the borrowing capacity of that city to the same extent as property that does not yield revenue.

How New York is Crippled by Debt Limitations

To make my meaning clearer, I will take the case of the city of New York and some of its investments. New York has expended many millions in the construction of a great system of water-works. The revenue derived from the sale of water is sufficient to pay interest on the bonds issued, to build the plant, and to create a sinking fund sufficient to retire the securities as they fall due. In time the city will own the water-works free of debt and derive from them a large net revenue.

The city has spent $30,000,000 building piers and developing the water front for commerical purposes. Money for this work was borrowed at three and three and one-half per cent. interest.

The modern piers are leased for rentals that in some cases pay the city seven per cent. upon their cost.

If permitted by law the city could expend fifty to one hundred million dollars in the purchase and improvement of additional water front property which would yield a revenue sufficient to pay interest on the bonds and retire them in twenty years. This would greatly facilitate the shipping interests of the city, add largely to its commercial prosperity, and would be the best permanent investment the corporation could make. But under existing constitutional restrictions every bond issued for water-works or dock improvements is a charge against the borrowing capacity of the city, which is limited to ten per cent. of the assessed value of real estate. That is not business, because it prevents the city from making profitable investments on a large scale.

New conditions must be recognized and the proper development of resources that are the common property of the inhabitants of cities must be provided with safeguards that are not mere checks upon prosperity. State Legislatures should not interfere in the government of cities except under extraordinary circumstances.

The Wisdom of Centralizing Municipal Power

I believe, also, and on this point I speak from experience and observation, that in the government of large cities there might safely be less division of power and responsibility. The government should be centralized in the hands of the elected officers, for however bad may be the political conditions of a city it is never an easy matter to elect to office a really bad man. If the important officers of a city have ample authority over all subordinates and are charged with full responsibility for their official acts, the result in time will be that none but capable, honest and independent men will be elected or appointed to office. In regard to the question of labor and employment, wherein lies the most difficult and embarrassing problem connected with the application of business methods to city government, I want to say that Legislatures should interfere there even less than with the regulation of financial questions.

Next to the Federal Government, the city of New York is the largest employer of labor, skilled and unskilled, in the western world. The average number of persons employed by the city is 40,000, of whom almost 10,000 are classed as laborers, or persons unskilled in any art, trade or science, and the average rate of payment for service is higher than that of any other city, state or national government on earth. Of this army of employees, less than 1000 are men of expert knowledge, special education and training that would enable them to command high salaries in private employment. Probably 1000 others are classed as artisans or skilled laborers, 10,000 are school teachers, leaving 18,000 persons engaged in work, not classed as common labor, for which no special education or intelligence is required. For the 10,000 laborers and 18,000 other unskilled employees of the city the average of salaries is $750 a year.

We are prevented by legislation, over which the city authorities have no control, from applying the first principles of business to the affairs of the municipality. In most cases these laws have been enacted by the Legislature without opposition from any source, and they have the support of public opinion. The municipality should be permitted to regulate its own affairs, and under no other system can any uniform business method be established or maintained. In the regulation of the city's pay-roll the State Legislature has been most inconsistent, and has followed no rule of business known in the commercial world.

How New York Could Get Her Money's Worth

As a matter of business pure and simple, the considerations of local pride and sentiment aside, the city of New York, with its great wealth and population, its glorious history and vast possibilities along every avenue of human endeavor, should have the best of everything that can add to the greatness, the glory or utility of a municipality. It should have the best engineering, the best architecture, the best art. It should have the best schools to train its children; it should have the best streets, docks and wharves to facilitate and increase commerce. Its bridges, tunnels and public buildings should be enduring monuments representing the best skill and genius of engineering and architecture, and its parks should be more than breathing spaces; they should be object-lessons of the beautiful, where true art has enriched the handiwork of Nature.

To obtain these results the city must bid against private capital for genius and technical skill. It is the economy of business and in no sense extravagance for the city to employ only the best talent where skill is required. There should be no salary limit if the business of the city requires the employment of the best lawyer, the best architect, the most skilled engineer or the greatest artist. This condition of affairs would soon result from a proper application of business methods to all the details of municipal government.

Another and far more difficult barrier to the application of business methods in city government is the almost universal feeling that public employment is, for one reason or another, different from other service, and less exacting in its requirements. There exists among a majority of the persons employed by cities, as well as among those seeking public service, a feeling, in many cases amounting to conviction, that there rests upon them no moral or business obligation to do as much work as they would for a private employer.

The Logic of the Shirk Employed by the City

The average man who obtains appointment through a civil service examination feels that he is, to the extent of a few merit marks, at least, better qualified for the place than any other applicant, and that he is sure of his job so long as he gets through with his work; the temptation to become a laggard and a shirk is often too strong to be overcome. The man, no matter how honest and energetic, soon falls into a rut and studies to do as little work as possible. He does not feel that he is cheating any one by neglecting his duty. The average man cannot understand why the same rules of service should apply when he works for the public, the city as a whole, as when he works for an individual or private corporation. The shirk is not alone to blame. He is the creature of a condition, and his moral sense is blunted by a public sentiment he did not create.

The remedy for the man and the condition is the strict application of business methods. In the first place, there ought not to be any useless offices or sinecures in any department. Every man appointed to a city office or employed for any minor service should understand that he must do a certain amount of work for fixed pay. His working hours and duties ought to be as clearly defined as if he were employed in a bank or a dry-goods store, and his advancement in position and salary should depend upon his honesty, industry and intelligence.

In brief, cities ought to have the same right and power as the individual or corporation to employ the best help obtainable for the price paid, and should be enabled to recognize and utilize to the utmost special ability in the public service, and should have full power to compel an honest and conscientious day's work for a liberal day's wage. So long as cities pay better wages than private employers they ought to receive as good service, and should have power to compel that service and to remove the shirk, the laggard and the incompetent.

No political power and no civil service regulation ought to keep a man in the employ of a city who is incapable or unwilling to render the same service that would be required of him for like salary in private employ.

This is a simple business proposition, and its application is so fair that no reasonable person could object, yet the benefit to a city, the saving in money, and the improvement in public work would be enormous. The popular feeling that it is not dishonest to draw salary from a city without rendering, in service, value received should be overcome. It is the first and most difficult barrier to the proper enforcement of business methods in city government.

Chances for Young Men in the Philippines

By Frank G. Carpenter

Native plowing

Buffalo teams in Pace

"IF I WERE not in the army I could make $40,000 a year on a capital of $10,000." These words were uttered by General Frederick G. Funston not long ago in the Oriente Hotel, in Manila. We had been chatting of the chances which the Philippine Islands offer to enterprising young Americans. General Funston had just returned from a trip along the coast of eastern Luzon, and he was full of the riches of the country and of its possibilities. He went on to say that the above sum might be made by trading there with the natives, by selling cloths and other goods to the merchants of the various towns, and taking in exchange the products of the country, such as hemp, tobacco, sugar and rice. He then spoke of other lines in which money could be made, and grew enthusiastic as he described the country, the fertility of its soil, and the wealth of its mineral and timber resources.

His view of the opportunities for fortune making here is not an uncommon one. Nearly every practical business American who has investigated the subject expresses a similar opinion, although few would venture to predict such large returns within such a short time.

After a stay of several months, and travels which have covered the principal parts of the Philippine Islands, I am impressed with the enormous development that must come in the near future. As soon as the war is entirely over the country will be opened up along modern lines, and its vast resources will be exposed to the world. At present, the conditions are such as to make most travel and investment unsafe. The principal islands are overrun with brigands and robbers, and it is dangerous to go anywhere outside the cities without a military escort of twenty or more men. The country, however, is fast being pinned down with bayonets, the *insurrectos* have lost their organization, and the pacification of the people is only a matter of some months. Within a year conditions should have become settled, and then the big, fat oyster of the Philippines will be ready for any one who is big enough and brave enough to attempt to open it.

Shut and Open Fields for Labor and Capital

At the start, I would say that this part of the world has no place for young Americans without money, who have only ordinary muscle and brains as their stock in trade. The common day laborer cannot expect to find work here. He cannot compete with the Chinese or the Filipino. He cannot do hard manual work day after day in the tropics, nor can he live on the twenty-five cents a day which the ordinary day laborer receives. There are also plenty of cheap clerks and bookkeepers here, and ordinary second-class positions of all kinds are easily filled.

When it comes to skilled labor the situation changes. There will be plenty to do for engineers and high-grade mechanics. The land will be opened up by railroads, and it has been estimated that at least one thousand miles of profitable road can be constructed, necessitating an investment of more than $100,000,000. Factories and machine shops will be established, and all sorts of modern improvements will be introduced into the cities, so that plumbers, electricians and mechanics of various kinds will be needed.

As to professional men, there are already American doctors and dentists who have opened offices in Manila and are doing well. They charge high prices for their services, and get them. There are a number of American lawyers who boast many clients, and, in the litigation which is sure to arise in the transfers of landed property, there will be abundant opportunities for others. There will also be places for stenographers and men able to act as foremen and managers of estates. The photographers who are here are making money, and the same may be said of the small traders who are handling American goods.

No one should come to the Philippines unless he has enough money to pay his way here and back home, and no one should come with the idea of staying without enough to enable him to go into some business, even though it be in a small way. Three thousand dollars is the least capital with which the venture should be made. The passage here, supposing the start be made at New York, will cost about $400, and the living expenses in the islands while looking about will be much the same as at home. If the man is disgusted he will need another $400 to take him back, so that he cannot allow much less than $1000 for an experimental trip.

This is a great deal to pay for an experiment, and a young man should think well before he decides. He would better not come unless he has the expectation of spending from ten to fifteen years in making his fortune, if not with the purpose of making the Philippines his home for life. For such men there are many opportunities, and such men are practically the only men who will succeed.

What Little We Know of the Country

But what are the Philippine Islands, and what are the chances which they offer? It is difficult to answer in detail. The country is so little known that it is hard to get an intelligent idea of it, even when on the ground. The Spaniards held it for more than three hundred years, but they have merely skimmed the surface of the more accessible parts. They did not know what they had, and the United States to-day is not able to give accurate figures as to the extent of the land and the character of its resources.

There are large tracts of the islands which have never been explored, and mountainous districts which have never been prospected. But few parts of them have been accurately surveyed, and the actual area has not been scientifically calculated. We only know that the islands number more than a thousand, and that the archipelago is longer from north to south than from our Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. We know that it is wider from east to west than from New York to Pittsburg, and that certain of the islands are as big as certain of our greatest States. Luzon, at the north, about equals New York in area, and Mindanao, at the south, is almost as big as Ohio. Panay and Mindoro are each larger than Connecticut, and Negros, Leyte and Cebu would each cover one of our smaller States.

The topography of the Philippine Islands is of a somewhat uniform character. Coasting about through them, you are never out of sight of mountains, many of which are extinct volcanoes. Every large island has its ranges rising from fertile plains along the coast, with extensive tracts of valley and plateaus in the interior. The Philippines, in fact, are made up of valleys and mountains, although some of the valleys are so flat as to be almost plains. The valley of Luzon, just north of Manila, has a slope so slight that its rivers sometimes change their course, now flowing into the gulf of Lingayen at the north, and again flowing southward into the bay of Manila.

Nearly all of the valleys are flooded during the rainy season. The water, loaded with the earth-washings of the mountains, lies for weeks upon the land, dropping its rich fertilizing silt and revivifying it as the Nile does Egypt. Indeed, some of the best lands of the Philippines are of this nature; they raise abundant crops year after year without artificial fertilization. Take, for instance, the Cagayan Valley, of northeastern Luzon, the best tobacco lands in the Philippines. Tobacco is a soil-exhausting crop. In the United States the best tobacco farms are regularly manured, and it is necessary to renew the land by rotation of crops. In the Cagayan Valley tobacco is raised in the same place year after year, and the soil is such that the crops in the older estates are better than those grown on land newly cleared, as the latter are too rich to produce tobacco of the finest flavor.

A country house in Luzon

Present and Future Methods of Farming

So far I have seen no fertilization whatever in the Philippine Islands. Sugar lands and rice lands are cultivated year after year by merely planting and harvesting the crop. No deep plowing is done, and all farming is of the rudest possible character. The agriculture is about the same as was that in Palestine in the days of the Scriptures. The plows are little more than forked sticks, with now and then an iron mould-board attached. The harrows are made of bamboo poles, with the branches left on; a half-dozen such poles are tied together, and the branches scratch the soil as they are dragged over it. The reaping is all done by hand. In many localities the rice is cut a stalk at a time with a little knife which the harvester holds inside his or her hand.

Fully half of the farming is done by the women. The rice is usually hulled by women, who pound the kernels out in a mortar made of a hardwood log. Much of the grain is threshed by piling the straw upon the ground and driving water-buffaloes or ponies over it. Indeed, I have seen men and women jumping up and down upon the sheaves of rice with their feet to thresh the kernels out of the stalks.

Sugar making, which requires such costly machinery in other countries that it takes tens of thousands of dollars to establish a small factory, is, in the Philippines, of the rudest possible nature. Some of the mills are run by water-wheels like those which turn our old-fashioned grist-mills. In others, the motive power is the carabao, or water-buffalo, which is driven round and round, turning the wheels which, after the principle of the ordinary clothes-wringer, squeezes the juice from the cane. Nothing but the lowest grade of unrefined sugar is made; notwithstanding which it is said that the business is so profitable that the planter makes at least twenty-five per cent. annually upon his capital invested.

In the future, modern methods of farming will be introduced, and the profits will be doubled. This is so in almost all branches of agriculture, and it should be especially so in gardening and fruit raising. One of the chief crops of parts of the Luzon Valley, for instance, is tomatoes. You find acres of land planted in them, and the tomatoes are, as a rule, small and knotty. By the use of American seeds, vegetables equal to those raised at home could be produced, and they would command high prices. It is the same with melons, squashes and other things. Cabbages are now imported here from Hongkong. They sell for twenty-five cents in silver each in the Manila markets. Oranges and other fruits are imported, all of which could undoubtedly be raised here.

The Undeveloped Land Resources of the Islands

And what about the lands of the Philippine Islands? Are there good lands in the market, and can they be bought at reasonable prices? Yes. Much of the best land here was owned by the Spaniards, some of whom have already left, and almost all of whom are anxious to get away. There are large tracts held by the natives which are offered for sale, and among these some of the very outskirts of Manila. I was told the other day of a tract of 7500 acres upon which an American had an option price of $112,000 gold. He offered the land to persons in New York for half a million dollars, but his proposition was not accepted, and his option has expired. At the first price the land would have cost about fifteen dollars an acre, and, considering that it was good sugar land, near Manila, it was exceedingly cheap. As an illustration of how the natives handle such property, the owner did not cultivate more than one-third of his estate, and this was farmed out on shares. Nevertheless, his receipts

were about $10,000 a year. This appears to have satisfied him, for when he was asked why he did not cultivate the whole of his property, he replied: "Why should I? I cannot spend in one year more than $10,000. Why should I?"

The above should not be accepted as an average price for land in the vicinity of Manila. Some of the property is held very high, but there are lands scattered over the islands which can be gotten for five and ten dollars an acre, and some for much less. I do not pretend to give prices.

Uncut Forests of Mahogany and Rosewood

The opening up of the country by railroads will furnish numerous chances for land speculation. The natives, who are bright enough along their own lines, do not appreciate the increase in value of property which arises from cheap transportation, and during the first years of the new development lands of this character can be acquired at much the old prices.

There is also an enormous amount of land here which belongs to the United States Government. The lands in the mountains and of the out-of-the-way districts have not been taken up. They still belonged to the Spanish Government at the time of our taking possession of the islands, and, by the treaty of Paris, they have become the property of the United States.

These lands include most of the timber of the Philippine Islands, timber which is of enormous value. There are, indeed, few parts of the world which have so much and such valuable hardwood as this archipelago. Mahogany is as common here as pine is in the United States. Woods that in the United States would be cut into sheets and used for veneering are here manufactured into boats and bridges. I have ridden my horse over planks of mahogany and rosewood, and I walk daily upon floors, the boards of which would make excellent piano cases. I have seen houses built of mahogany, with stairs of rosewood and posts of ebony, and I find almost daily some new tree or log, the wood of which has a beautiful grain, but which is almost unknown to commerce.

A strand of hemp

It is difficult to describe the timber resources of the Philippines. Most of the mountains are covered with trees, and there are vast tracts of virgin forest. The timber resources of the great island of Mindanao, which, as I have said, is almost as big as Ohio, are practically untouched. Mindoro is almost all woods, and there are valuable forests in the mountainous parts of Luzon. Some of these trees are easily accessible, while others, owing to their distance from the sea and the fact that certain kinds of the logs are so heavy that they will not float, will not soon pay for their cutting and transportation.

The trees in nearly all the mountainous regions are enormous. I have seen some so big that you could not reach half way around them with your two arms, which rose up to a distance of 150 feet from the ground without a branch. Mahogany boards six feet wide are now and then met with, and I have been told of rosewood logs which were nine feet in diameter, but have so far seen none which approximate this size.

Up to the present time no modern means of exploiting these timber resources have been attempted. The Spanish Government had a heavy tax upon all lumber industries, and the restrictions on cutting the trees were such that the industry was never developed. There are not a dozen sawmills in the whole archipelago, and such a thing as a planing-mill is almost unknown.

Nevertheless, lumber is very high in all Philippine cities, due largely to the rude method of bringing the trees to the market and manufacturing them into lumber. Many of the largest trees are cut down with boloes, knives which somewhat resemble the old-fashioned corn cutters of the United States. The logs are squared in the forest, and are often dragged for miles upon buffalo carts or sleds to the streams. In turning them into boards the sawing is done by hand, the motive power being two Filipinos, and the saw being much like our cross-cut saws, with an upright handle set at right angles to each end. There are millions of feet of flooring in the islands which have been hewed out with the adz. Some of the floors of the best houses of Manila are of this nature. You can see the rough places where the chips have been cut out, but the grain of the wood is so fine that, from daily sweeping and scrubbing, it has taken a polish like that of a plate-glass mirror.

The development of these lumber resources will offer opportunities to many young men with more or less capital, who will establish sawmills and ship lumber all over the world. Some of it is so valuable that it can be exported to the United States and to Europe at a profit. The great market for Philippine lumber, however, will be Asia, and this, with the prospective development of the far East, will increase its demands from year to year. The opening up of China will result in the building of thousands of miles of railroad, necessitating the purchase of millions of ties. During the present year the lumbermen of Burmah received one order from the Chinese for 5,000,000 ties, and that at such a price that the same could have been shipped from the Philippines at a net profit of twenty cents gold the tie, or a million dollars on the specified contract.

The Outlook in the Vast Hemp Industry

One of the most profitable crops of the Philippines is hemp. It brings into the islands about $18,000,000 in silver every year, and it forms an aggregate product weighing more than a quarter of a billion pounds. There are hemp plantations in nearly every one of the islands, and there are large provinces which are supported almost entirely by the hemp industry. There are merchants and exporters who devote themselves to dealing in hemp, and millions of pounds of it are shipped by them annually to the United States. Nearly all our clothes-lines are made of Manila hemp, and vast quantities of it are sent to our grain fields of the Northwest for the binding of grain.

Hemp raising is one of the most attractive as well as the most profitable kinds of farming. The hemp plant is a species of the banana. The plants look just like the banana plants, from which come the fruit sold in our markets. Each plant is composed of many leaves wrapped about a central stalk, and extending, when full grown, to a distance of ten or twelve feet from the ground. Each leaf of the plant is composed of thousands of fibres as fine as human hair, and the harvesting consists in cutting off the leaves, squeezing out the juice or sap, and drying the fibre for the market. The plants are set out six or eight feet apart. It requires three years for them to arrive at maturity. After that they continue to reproduce themselves.

In a cigar factory

The profits of hemp farming are enormous, and when one, in addition to raising the hemp himself, has enough capital to buy of his poorer neighbors, he can do exceedingly well. Only a small portion of suitable land is now in use.

There are vast tracts of uncleared country suitable for the plant. All that is required is some capital and energy, and the waiting of three or four years until the plantation comes into bearing.

A Big Future Open to the Coffee Planter

I believe there is a big future for the coffee planter in the Philippine Islands. The great island of Mindanao is in much the same latitude as Java, and its soil is said to be of the same nature. I saw luxuriant coffee plants about Zamboanga and on the island of Sulu, near by. I visited a plantation containing 35,000 trees, which is, I believe, as fine as any plantation of its age in the world. I have traveled quite extensively through the coffee regions of the West Indies and Brazil, and I have never seen anything which quite equals this plantation in Sulu. The trees are but three years old, the age at which the coffee tree first comes into bearing. Each of these trees will produce this year at least a pound of coffee, and some are so heavily laden that their limbs are breaking down with the fruit. The trees are about three inches in diameter, and are perfectly healthy, although I am told that the coffee plantations of southern Luzon have been ruined by the blight. As to this, however, it is said that a remedy has been discovered within the past year by some man in the Hawaiian Islands, and, if so, there may be opportunities to buy the Luzon plantations at low prices and revivify them.

Another extensive field of investment and work in the Philippine Islands will be in the development of their mineral resources. There are now prospectors moving cautiously here and there through the mountains looking for gold. Small quantities of the metal have been found in many localities, and some promising quartz mines have been located. Extensive coal deposits are known to exist here and there throughout the archipelago, and also veins of copper, iron and lead. In the south an extensive industry is carried on in the shipping of shells to Europe for the making of mother-of-pearl buttons, combs and similar articles, and the same fisheries produce valuable pearls.

The whole Philippines, in short, are an undeveloped empire of agricultural, industrial and mineral wealth, and if they are to remain the property of the United States they will, within the near future, have a development which will be surprising to the world, and which will furnish our young men opportunities for successful ventures along many lines.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles on Chances for Young Men in the far East, which began in The Saturday Evening Post of March 10.

Mr. Wu's Ideas About America

A Talk with the Chinese Minister at Washington

"THE educated Chinaman who comes to America is not so much impressed with the superiority of your civilization as you might be inclined to imagine. Certain advantages you may have over ourselves, but there are offsets. After all, the object of existence is the pursuit of happiness, and I do not think that people generally are happier in the United States than they are in my country.

"Happiness is a condition of the mind rather than one dependent upon extraneous circumstances. The Chinese have managed to get along until now very comfortably without electric cars and telephones, but we are not so reluctant as is generally imagined to accept what you call 'modern improvements,' and both these instruments of civilization are being rapidly introduced.

"I do not find that the great stores of your large cities are superior to our own, so far as the opportunity of buying what one wants is concerned. On the contrary, it is a rather interesting fact that we are able to buy in China many products of American manufacture at prices less than are charged for the same articles in the United States. That seems odd, doesn't it? Our markets, in which provisions and other food supplies are sold, are at least as good as yours. In our own view, our method of living affords us comforts equal to those which you enjoy. In respect to the clothes we wear, we have an advantage over you. Prejudice aside, I am sure that the costumes worn by men and women in China are handsomer and more comfortable than those which are the fashion in the United States.

"Perhaps it may be said that the American costume is more suitable for work. As for the comfortableness of it, I might speak with more certainty if I had ever tried it on. Our shoes are surely more pleasant to wear than yours; I never heard of a Chinaman who had a corn. Our women compress their feet, and I am not prepared to defend the custom; but how about the habit of tight-lacing adopted by so many American women? It is admitted that tight-lacing constricts the body organs and is a serious injury to health, and yet it is very general in your country. Chinese women, on the other hand, wear no corsets, and not even a belt—nothing to interfere with the normal development of their bodies.

"From the Chinese standpoint, the full-dress costume of American women is extraordinary. What can be the reason for such exposure? I do not understand it. How did it originate? The dress of American women, in my opinion, is not nearly so sensible, so becoming, or so hygienic as that of my own countrywomen.

"The opportunities offered for ability and worth in China are not less than in the United States. A public career presents quite as many attractions. It is not possible in my country for a wood-chopper to become Emperor, but he may rise to the premiership. One thing I may mention incidentally is that the opium evil, which is supposed to be a national vice in China, is not nearly so widespread, nor does it bring in its train such dreadful evils as are caused by alcohol in America."

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

CABELL WHITEHEAD

HON. F. W. HACKETT

O. L. SPAULDING

MARTIN A. KNAPP

The Handling of the People's Money

It was perfectly natural that the recent stealings in Cuba should have been a great shock to the Administration. The curious fact about it was that it affected the public a great deal less than it did the official circles in Washington. There is a general idea born of extravagance on the hustings and in the partisan newspapers that men in office get all they can in any way they can, taking due care to keep within the law. As a matter of fact, no business in the world is conducted upon a more rigid system than the Government of the United States. Every penny has to be accounted for and all the finances are encircled in the red tape of discipline and bookkeeping. It may be that some big politicians and some big corporations rob the Government on large contracts, but woe be to the average man who thinks he can steal from Uncle Sam. The United States Government is to-day the greatest business machine in the world.

We can appreciate the importance of this better when we recall what it was when it began life as a new nation. The Revolutionary War cost this country, according to Professor Sumner, $135,000,000, which, by the way, is not so much as we are expending annually for pensions, and which is much less than we have already paid for our experiences in the Philippines. In addition, it cost France $60,000,000. After the war the condition of our finances was truly distressing. Each of the thirteen States reserved the right to make its own money, levy its own taxes and raise its own armies. Many of these States did not pay their shares of interest upon the public debt, and after eighteen months of effort only one-fifth of the taxes were collected. The new nation had no credit, no business management, and its standing army dwindled to exactly eighty men. Congress led a tramp existence, voting plans that were never carried out, monuments that were never erected. It was not until 1790 that even the glimmer of business methods was seen. Then Hamilton proposed his famous Settlement of the Public Debt, recommending first that the foreign debt of the Confederacy should be assumed and paid in full; second, that the domestic debt of the Confederacy, which was considered worthless, should be paid at its par value, and third, that the debts incurred by the States and still unpaid should be paid in full by the Federal Government.

It rather reconciles us to the politicians of our day to know that these three great propositions, especially the third, were gotten through Congress by a dicker, which was nothing more nor less than the agreement to locate the Capital on the Potomac River.

A Government that Does Almost Everything

In most cases in which the Government has lost money in the past the fault has been the same as that which existed in Cuba. Political favorites were placed in important offices and were not sufficiently watched. In Cuba, of course, it was almost like starting a new government. Possibly it may be that way in the Philippines, but it is quite probable that the supervision will be so strict that every dollar will be accounted for.

The great fact is that we now have assurances of honesty in every department of the Government.

But what is most interesting is the almost incredible multiplication of duties and responsibilities which this Government has taken. When it began it could not even attend to its own bills for its running expenses; now it is doing almost everything under the sun, and in the earth beneath, from running saloons for the soldiers to furnishing religion for the same, from watching potato-bugs to watching the stars, from correct spelling to every form of statesmanship; and for all this it is employing more people than all the soldiers who fought in the Revolutionary War.

We are rapidly approaching an expenditure of two million dollars a day, including Sundays, and the fact that this enormous amount, divided up into tens of thousands of accounts and items, is handled safely is a wonderful tribute to the system and personnel of the Government. The only consolation for the shameful robberies in Cuba is that they could not have occurred in the post-office management of this country.

Uncle Sam as Printer and Publisher

One thing that is mounting up rapidly is the official literature of the Government. Most citizens complain if the President's message fills more than one page of the average newspaper, but they fail to remember that behind that message are thousands of reports and tons of documents. Indeed, if the average man were to attempt to read everything the Government publishes in one year he would have to devote about a half a century to the task, taking eight hours a day for the work of reading. Hundreds of these volumes are beautifully prepared with plates and maps that are works of art. Although the Government printing office and the Government engraving plant are the largest in the world, yet a great deal of work is done by private firms. Simply a résumé of the reports would fill a very large book.

Looking Out for the Commissary

One department of work has a peculiar interest for everybody. It is in the preservation and increase of our food supplies. An illustration of it was seen this spring when shad were so plentiful that they were within the reach of all. No better results have been achieved than in the increase of fish, and every hatchery that does its work well is saving money for the people. Unfortunately, the same service has not been possible for the oyster, but through local laws and a better understanding of oyster culture, the exhaustion of the bivalve which was at one time threatened is being arrested. There was a rather amusing simile in use a few years ago that the oyster, like the buffalo, would soon be a memory in the United States.

When the present century began people did not even know what elements or factors in the soil produce crops. Now the knowledge is universal. Not only that, but the world has been called upon by the Agricultural Department to contribute plants and vines best adapted for development in the different sections of the United States. Some of the finest and most productive horticultural and agricultural districts in the country have been developed from unused land by the scientific work at Washington.

The specialists in the Agricultural Department are always at work chasing every enemy of the food products. There is a Bureau of Animal Industry, and there are divisions of chemistry, entomology, biology, forestry, botany, agrostology—this means the study of grasses and field plants—pomology, vegetable physiology and pathology, soils, public roads, gardens and grounds and seeds. Indeed, there are a few other divisions, and of course more will be added.

Things on the Earth and Beneath

So complete and so varied is the special work of the Government that very soon it will have a history of everything that swims, walks, flies or creeps—elaborate and faithful presentations of animate and inanimate nature. There are some economists who object to the Government going so far into this kind of service. But the intelligence of the country fully approves of it. Majestic and overwhelming as the reports seem to be, they give the data for the textbooks and education of the age.

So much has been done it seems that little remains for exploration and record. All the land has been surveyed, and we know the bottoms of our waters as well as the levels of our fields. But Nature is a worker, and every day makes a change. The shore lines are affected by tides, and the mountains and valleys by the rains, especially when too much timber-cutting leaves them bare. The work will go on as long as the country lasts and is able to pay for it.

The Biggest Department

The largest department of the Government is that about which there seems to be the least public interest. It is the Department of the Interior, and each of its eight divisions—patents, pensions, general lands, Indian affairs, education, railroads, geological surveys and census—has ten times as much work as any Cabinet office had a hundred years ago. At the head of each of these divisions there must be a man of broad experience and active mind. In addition to his other duties, the Secretary of the Interior has charge of the national parks and the supervision of hospitals and eleemosynary institutions. The divisions of railroads under the Department of the Interior is entirely separate from the Inter-State Commerce Commission, of which Hon. Martin A. Knapp, of New York, is chairman.

Testing Gold and Silver Coin

Another department which combines many important duties is that of the Treasury. It engraves and prints money, puts up buildings, runs the life-saving service, collects the taxes, keeps track of navigation, manages the light-house service, runs the marine hospitals, attends to the immigrants, and a great many other things. Most people do not know that this department makes the official examination of the coins. A commission meets at the Mint in Philadelphia and goes carefully into the value of the people's money, but the really important work is done by an assayer, who for a number of years was Dr. Cabell Whitehead, a noted metallurgist, who has recently gone to Nome, Alaska, to report upon its gold. The coinage is kept from debasement in this way: two coins each week from the new minting are sent to the assayer in order that he may find out if they are up to the standard. This is necessary, not only for the protection of the people, but in order that the value of American money may be absolute throughout the whole world. The excellence of the Government's workmanship is shown by the fact that gold coins have been condemned only once in the past ten years, and this was due to ingots made from Spanish gold coin, which either contained a small amount of zinc or had been counterfeited. The whole lot of $125,000 was melted down. On three occasions silver coins have been found deficient.

The duties of leading officers of the Department of the Treasury are numerous. For instance, Assistant Secretary Spaulding is assigned the general direction and supervision of all matters pertaining to the Customs Service, the Bureau of Navigation; the Office of the Supervising Inspector-General, Steamboat Inspection Service; the Office of the Supervising Surgeon-General, Marine Hospital Service; the Office of the Supervising Life-Saving Service; the Division of Customs; the Division of Special Agents, and the Division of Revenue-Cutter Service.

New Cabinet Positions Suggested

Of course the main business of the War Department is to keep the Army in trim, but at the same time it has other duties that demand the best work of experts in all the parts and directions. The Navy, of which the Assistant Secretary is Hon. F. W. Hackett, who recently succeeded Mr. Allen, takes in a thousand and one important things, and is now spending over $60,000,000 a year. All the other departments have their sub-divisions, showing the great number of things this Government has to operate.

Before many years we shall undoubtedly have a department devoted to Commerce. And after that, if not before, there will be another for Manufactures. The country is growing so rapidly, and the problems of expansion have increased the necessity for larger work so greatly that more things will have to be done, and it will take more men to do them. It will be noticed that the new offices which are being created are carrying larger salaries than the old ones. Curious as it may seem, it is harder to get Congress to increase the salary of an existing position than to persuade it to pay a much larger sum for a new place which it may create. Take it all in all, the Government does not pay well for the higher class of work, and thus it is constantly losing some of its best men, who find better remuneration in private work.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE

A Millionaire in Politics

Timothy Lester Woodruff was graduated from Yale College twenty-one years ago. He then went through a commercial school, and twenty years ago he went into business for himself. He was the first of his class to send a son back to his alma mater. His son is to graduate from Yale next year. He was the first of his class to make a large fortune. His wealth is estimated at several millions of dollars. Since Mr. Woodruff went to Brooklyn, in 1881, and began his career in politics he has gone forward steadily until he has been twice chosen Lieutenant-Governor of New York.

During his weekly trips to New York from Albany he is the most approachable and at the same time the hardest man for a stranger to find in the metropolis. At the Grand Central railroad station he is met by one of his confidential employees, or a visitor who goes by appointment. On the way to his hotel he talks business. After leaving the hotel he goes from one business headquarters to another—from the upper west side down to Wall Street—and he makes each visit count. He can probably "go through" a package of letters or bundle of documents or pile of contracts as quickly as any man in the country.

The "pink waistcoat" is as closely connected with the Lieutenant-Governor as the white hat was with Horace Greeley, and it has served the same excellent purpose. It has advertised his personality from one end of the country to the other. When the newspaper cartoonists and wits, a few years ago, were drawing pictures of and making jokes about Mr. Woodruff's gorgeous raiment they did not stop to think that this same Mr. Woodruff is one of the largest buyers of advertising space in the American press, and that few men understand better the value of printers' ink. The truth is, the pink waistcoat was largely an imaginative creation.

It was as a tranquilizer that the Lieutenant-Governor won his fame in local politics. On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion he threw open his beautiful town house to the leaders of two widely differing branches of the Republican party. A discreet butler stood at one door and an able politician at another, and they divided the callers as they arrived by factions, and sent one into the right drawing-room and the other into the left. So quietly was this done that neither party knew the other was present. Before dinner was announced Mr. Woodruff had made a number of visits to each band of disputants, and the moment a compromise was effected the great doors were opened wide and peace was cemented over a perfect dinner.

After Mr. Woodruff built the famous cycle path from the Brooklyn Bridge to Coney Island, which he accomplished as Park Commissioner, he was easily the most popular man on Long Island, and his election as Lieutenant-Governor followed. With this came the control of the Republican party in Kings County, as Senator Platt's chief assistant. During the last campaign he made his first speech. It was a public debate which was forced upon him by an eloquent Democratic antagonist who had no idea his challenge would be accepted. But it was as soon after it was received as the letter could be written, and with the acceptance went a check for $750, one-half the rent for the use of the largest public hall in Brooklyn. The Democrats were fairly taken off their feet, as also were some of the Republicans, who did not know the Lieutenant-Governor's capabilities. On the appointed night the challenger wore an evening suit and clothed his speech in the finest grade of oratorical habiliments. When he had ended the stalwart "Governor," dressed in his business clothes, walked to the footlights. The galleries broke into tumultuous applause. Mr. Woodruff raised his hand, beckoning for silence.

"Give me a chance, boys," he said, "and I'll be with you in a minute."

And he was. His speech was the chief political surprise of the campaign. It was logical, forceful, humorous, witty and eloquent, and since then Mr. Woodruff has been in demand the country over as a public speaker.

In business Mr. Woodruff is a believer in the value of young men's work. He has surrounded himself with men in the early prime of life and many of them he has trained in his business from the start. The "Governor" also believes in mental concentration. He does whatever he has to do with all his might. He demands the same kind of service.

HON. JOHN WANAMAKER

HON. T. E. BURTON

How Burton Withdrew a Juror

One of the members of the lower house of Congress who well exemplifies the amount of industry which may be expended upon legislative tasks is the Honorable Theodore E. Burton, who occupies the chairmanship of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors.

Very few people have any conception of the number of harbors and rivers and bays there are in this broad land, or how determined are the citizens in the vicinity of each that their particular waterway shall receive a generous appropriation. Almost all the spare time of Chairman Burton is taken up in listening to delegations who come to Washington with some such mission. The program for a single day during the recent session will show how Mr. Burton's time was taken up. He had breakfasted by eight o'clock. By nine the morning mail had been disposed of, and soon after he was engaged with the first delegation. All day the representatives of commercial bodies and committees of chambers of commerce kept coming in a steady stream, and it was with difficulty that the hard-worked chairman stole ten minutes at noon for lunch. Dinner did not consume a much longer period, and the evening was given over to a political caucus. When Mr. Burton returned to his apartments at midnight he found two reporters waiting to interview him. One of them asked incidentally how he managed to get through so much work. "Well," replied the chairman with a smile, "I attribute it to the fact that I sleep so excellently. Some nights I get as much as six hours sleep."

Chairman Burton comes from Ohio, and from Senator Hanna's own city. He was defeated once by that unique figure in politics, Tom D. Johnson, but at the next election he returned the compliment. You would scarcely think from his appearance that he is approaching the half century mark. He is a lawyer by profession, a student by instinct and a bachelor from preference. Early in his career in Washington, in order to carry a seemingly unimportant point in debate, he translated in full a French technical work as large as an ordinary novel.

One particularly amusing incident characterized Congressman Burton's early experience at the bar. For some reason it became necessary to request a continuance in a case in which he was counsel. After Mr. Burton had explained why there should be a continuance the court told him simply to withdraw a juror and the case would be marked continued. For the moment the young attorney was nonplused, but after glancing at the court to satisfy himself that the judge was in earnest, he walked over to the jury box, eyed the jurors for an instant and then firmly seized a large, portly German and endeavored with no little effort to drag him out of the jury box. In the midst of the general laugh which followed, the court came to the rescue of the discomfited young barrister by explaining that the term was simply technical and need only be written on the docket.

Women in Summer Work

Never before were so many women taking part in the numerous summer schools as this year. At Chautauqua, for instance, there are several dozens of them, and at the large universities they almost equal in number the male members of the faculties. For instance, one of the important departments of the Summer School of the University of Chicago will be under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Wallace, who has won a high place for her scholarship and her ability to interpret it in an interesting way.

It takes special aptitude to teach the summer courses, but the difficulties are fully repaid by the appreciation and cooperation of the students, who go to school in summer to study and not simply as a recreation.

MISS ELIZABETH WALLACE

Mrs. Dodge's Little Admirer

One day on a railroad train Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge sat beside a girl about fourteen years of age. When the newsboy with his books and magazines appeared, the little passenger asked her grandfather to buy a magazine which contained one of the installments of Mrs. Dodge's most successful story, Donald and Dorothy. Naturally, Mrs. Dodge watched the results with the keenest interest, and when she saw the girl had nothing with which to cut the pages she opened her satchel to find a substitute for a paper knife. Finally, seeing one of her own visiting-cards, there came the happy thought of offering it and of watching for the surprise that would follow as a climax to the incident. The girl took the card, carefully cut the pages of the magazine, and then returned it with a smile and a bow, becoming absorbed again in the story.

She does not know to this day that the famous author was the kind lady sitting next to her, and the famous author tells the incident as a joke upon herself.

The Wanamaker Propulsive Handshake

John Wanamaker's recent act in ordering out of his office two local politicians who tried to bulldoze him led the former Governor of one of the Western States to tell a story.

"I almost believe," he said, "that Mr. Wanamaker could have gotten them out as well by giving each of them one of his official handshakes. When he was Postmaster-General I was in Congress, and went to see him a great many times; in fact he had more calls than any other member of the Cabinet of the Harrison Administration. The way he received everybody was most satisfactory, but the thing that delighted me was the beautiful manner in which he got rid of a visitor. His farewell handshake was courtesy and geniality itself, but at the same time it was a gentle push toward the door. It was done in such a manner that nobody could possibly take exception to it. A while afterward I became Governor of my State. I had seen the thing worked so well in the Postmaster-General's office that I thought I would try it. Of course, you know, when the Legislature meets, the Governor of a State has quite a few people to handle. I practiced a little on my wife, and thought I had got the hang of the performance, although she expressed her doubts. The day when I tried the experiment I began on an old political supporter, grasping his hand firmly, and with my best smile I gave him the gentle push. But the results were not altogether what I had hoped. He gazed at me steadily for a moment and then said: 'It's all right, Governor, if you want me to go, but I don't want to be thrown out.'

"'Come back here,' I exclaimed, and grabbed his hand in the old way, and gave him a pull toward me. Then, in order to remove any other doubts he may have had I made him promise to take dinner that day at the Executive Mansion. It was the first and last time I tried the Wanamaker handshake. He can do it, but I don't believe there is anybody else in the world who has the subtle genius necessary to perform it successfully."

The Princeton Corkscrew Market

Doctor Patton, President of Princeton University, is more noted for the logic of his sermons than the wit of his speeches. But he can be very humorous on occasion. In an after-dinner speech, discussing the advisability of advocating local prohibition in Princeton, he said, "Local prohibition would only create a market for corkscrews." Last summer he decided to shave off his side whiskers, which he had worn for many years. After shaving off the left side he went to his bedroom where his wife was sitting and said: "My dear, I shaved one side. If you like it I'll shave the other."

Doctor Beecher's Consolation for Burdette

When "Bob" Burdette started out to lecture he struck the same town as Henry Ward Beecher, who sent for him.

"Well, young man, how do you like it?"

"Mr. Beecher," he replied, "it is awful. I nearly die every night from nervousness."

"Let me console you, then. The longer you lecture the more nervous you'll get." And "Bob" declares it is true.

The Kidnaping of President Lincoln

By Joel Chandler Harris

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Francis Bethune, a cashiered officer of the Confederacy anxious to retrieve himself, volunteers upon a dangerous mission within the Union lines. Openly, and under a guarantee of safe conduct from Abraham Lincoln, he is to bring back with him an imprudent young woman who has attempted to supply the Confederate Government with information; secretly, he hopes to abduct the President. Taking with him a sealed and addressed envelope given to him by Mr. Phil Doyle, concerning whom he can discover little, he goes to Washington, via New York and the "Western Route," with only a single companion, Mr. Billy Sanders. On the train he meets a former townsman, in whose care, knowing himself recognized, he places himself. This gentleman, Waldron Awtry, takes him direct to the White House, introduces him to Lincoln, and places before him the ostensible purpose of his mission.

PART THIRD

WHEN Bethune and Mr. Sanders were ushered into the room, Elise clapped her hands together as the soubrettes do on the stage, gave a smothered scream supposed to represent joy, and fell upon Francis Bethune and kissed him until he wished himself well out of the uncomfortable position.

"Francis!" she cried, "allow me to present you to my dear, dear friend, Mrs. Lincoln. My nephew, Mrs. Lincoln. And here is Mr. Sanders! Oh, you dear, good man! you make me feel quite at home. Mrs. Lincoln, this is my dear old friend, Mr. Sanders. Are both of you prisoners, too? Oh, isn't it glorious to suffer for one's country?"

Bethune looked at Mr. Lincoln. The President was standing with his hands clasped behind him. He was not smiling, but there was a comical expression on his face. Mrs. Lincoln was laughing unrestrainedly, and it was very evident to Bethune that the Lady of the White House had found Elise Clopton sufficiently amusing. His irritation was such that he could scarcely refrain from showing it in words. Youngster as he was, it seemed to him that the whole South was here on exhibition in the person of his frivolous aunt. He was on the point of saying something regrettable when Mr. Sanders stepped in, as it were.

"You don't look like you've been sufferin' for your country much. Appearances is mighty deceivin' if you ain't been havin' three square meals a day—fried meat an' biscuit an' hot coffee for breakfast, collards an' dumplin's an' buttermilk for dinner, an' ashcake an' molasses for supper."

"You see how the men mistake us," protested Elise, turning to Mrs. Lincoln. "Our keenest anguish is mental, but the men never think they are suffering unless they are in physical pain. And the men think the women are too timid to take any risks. Look at me, Mr. Sanders."

"I see you, Leese," said Mr. Sanders so dryly that Mrs. Lincoln burst out laughing.

"Don't mind him, dear friend; he always was comical. And then there was your grandmother, Mr. Sanders, Nancy Hart. Didn't she suffer for her country?"

"She stayed at home an' hit the Tories a lick when they pestered her, two for one, maybe; but she didn't complain of no sufferin' so fur as I know. The sufferin' was all wi' them that pestered her. Anyhow, we've come to take you home, an' when we git there I'm goin' to build a pen to keep you in. Goodness knows, I don't want to be runnin' my head in no more hornets' nests."

"Why, you don't call this a hornets' nest, I hope?" said Mrs. Lincoln, smiling.

"By no manner of means, mum," replied Mr. Sanders with a bow. "This is the only homelike place I've struck sence I left Shady Dale. But I hear you're a Southerner, an' Mr. Lincoln is Georgy all over, an' that accounts for it. If we wa'n't here, where'd we be?"

"Well, we'll go back now and talk about Georgia," said Mr. Lincoln. "To-morrow or the next day we'll arrange about the lady's journey home."

"Yes; I am willing to go now," said Elise dramatically; "I have performed my duty; I have risked my life for my native Southland."

"If you only knew what a close call it was, you'd doubtless be prouder still, I reckon," remarked Mr. Lincoln with a smile.

With that Bethune and Mr. Sanders bade the ladies good-night and followed the President to his private office, where Waldron Awtry awaited them. They were for returning to the hotel at once, as the hour was growing late, but Mr. Lincoln would not hear to it unless they were willing to admit that they were tired of his company. There were nights, he said, when sleep flitted away from his neighborhood, and refused to be coaxed back, and this, he thought, would prove to be one of those nights.

First he wrote out a new certificate for Francis Bethune, as well as a document to insure the safety of Mr. Sanders, and then he began to talk about Georgia sure enough, addressing his conversation mainly to Mr. Sanders, whose comments he appeared thoroughly to enjoy. He asked about the people, their views and hopes. Once he declared that if the people of the South knew his intentions and desires as well as he did himself, he believed they would put an end to the war and come back into the Union.

"But what about the politicians?" inquired Mr. Sanders.

"That's a fact!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln; "the politicians and the editors. We have 'em here, too. Oh, I was just telling you of a dream I once had."

"An' then, ag'in, you're a Ab'litionist, Mr. President," said Mr. Sanders.

"Well, that matter has been settled, so far as I can settle it, but, up to a few months ago, that question was a mere matter of moonshine compared to the Union. I said as much to Horace Greeley, and he and his friends had a good many duck-fits about it. All the Government doors have big keyholes except Stanton's. Well, Abolitionism was a great question, but it was small compared with the preservation of the Union. All other political questions are small by the side of that."

They talked until some time after midnight, with occasional interruptions from messengers connected with the War Department, or with some of the committees of Congress. Once Mr. Lincoln, after receiving a telegram, held it open in his hand and was silent a long time. Finally he folded it lengthwise many times and then wrapped it around his forefinger, holding it in place with his thumb.

"It has got so now," he said, breaking the silence, "that I can tell by the rumble of the wheels whether the man in the carriage is fetching good news or bad."

The President made no remark about the contents of the telegram, but he fell into such a state of abstraction that Bethune nodded to the others, and simultaneously they all arose and bade him good-night. He no longer urged them to stay, but asked them to return early the next day, saying that he wanted to have a good long talk with "friend Sanders."

When Bethune and Mr. Sanders went to breakfast the next morning they were escorted to a table at which sat John Omahundro, who saluted them in the most familiar manner. Bethune, whose temperament lacked that offhand heartiness which is sometimes attractive and sometimes repelling, bowed coldly. Mr. Sanders, who was heartiness itself on almost every occasion, smiled vacantly at Omahundro, remarking: "I've seed your face some'rs, I reely do believe."

"Why, certainly," said Omahundro in his drawling voice; "I traveled with you from Albany to New York."

"That's so!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders; "you're the feller that helt the 'oman's baby while she give it castor-ile. Well, you're a mighty handy man, but I've been in sech a buzz an' racket, an' seed so many folks that I'd 'a' never know'd you ag'in."

They talked on indifferent subjects until the meal had been dispatched, and then they sat in the reading-room of the hotel and talked business.

"What about your program? It's foolhardy, but I'm willing to go into it on conditions—I mean this kidnaping business."

"It's as easy as falling off a log," replied Bethune.

"Lots easier," remarked Mr. Sanders; "but——"

"Now you're beginning to say something. But—but how are you going to get away? You don't know a step of the road. How are you going to get Mr. Lincoln safely to the South?"

"Trust to luck, I reckon," replied Bethune.

"What I was tryin' to say when you jumped in betwixt me an' my words was that the job is easy, but 'twould be a pity to put it through."

"You've said something again," remarked Omahundro. "Mr. Lincoln has the hardest time of any human being I ever saw. He reminds me of my father."

"He puts me in mind of all the good men I've ever know'd. He takes 'em all in," said Mr. Sanders.

"He's a good deal like you," Bethune declared.

"Well, I wish to the Lord I was more like him," said Mr. Sanders solemnly. "I'll tell you what, fellers, that man has looked trouble in the eye so long that he pities ev'rybody in the world but hisself. Frank, I'll go into this business if you'll le' me do the engineerin'—if you'll put it in my hands."

"Oh, I've no objection to that," assented Bethune with a short laugh. "He's so different from what I expected. By George! don't you believe it would break his heart to be taken away from here?"

Mr. Sanders pursed up his mouth and looked at the ceiling. "No-o-o, 'twouldn't break his heart," he announced after some reflection. "He's a good, strong man, an' from the look he has in his eye, he's seen so much trouble that he's ready to shake hands wi' it wherever he meets it, knowin' purty well that he'll git some fun out'n it somehow or some'rs. You leave it to me, Frank—leave it to me."

"Well," said Omahundro, "if it's to be done, to-morrow night is the time, between ten and twelve—the nearer ten the better. Mr. Stanton usually calls about half-past twelve or one. Mr. Lincoln may ask you to stay to supper. If he does, say yes, and thanky, too. If your take supper here, a carriage will be waiting for you at the door. If there is more than one vehicle near the hotel entrance, the driver on your carriage will say, 'Whoa, Billy!' If you don't take supper here, the carriage will drive into the White House grounds precisely at ten o'clock. The driver of the carriage will stay with it until he hears pursuers or until you meet another conveyance in the road driven by a country chap. If you are pursued, one of you must be on the driver's seat to take the lines when my man retires, and then you'll have to take the consequences and get out the best way you can. I tell you candidly, I don't see how you are going to get out with the President, and but for orders from Captain McCarthy I wouldn't make a move in it. I'm fond of Mr. Lincoln; I feel like he's kin to me."

"Well, there are bigger principles at issue than kinsfolk and Presidents," remarked Bethune with some emphasis.

"That's so," assented Mr. Sanders, "but I wish from my heart he was more like some of the other Presidents we have had in North Ameriky."

"Good-night," said Omahundro. "We may never see one another again. I'm going to help you out all I can, but I can't say that I wish for your success."

"Nor me, nuther," commented Mr. Sanders.

The next day found Bethune and Mr. Sanders at the White House. While Mr. Lincoln was busy they walked about the grounds with Elise Clopton. They were not in a very gay humor, as may well be supposed, and it was a relief to their minds to listen to the lady's chatter. She related her experiences from the time she left Shady Dale to visit her family in Maryland, and, if her reports were correct, she had been through many daring adventures. She was quite a heroine in her own estimation, and there is no doubt that, frivolous and giddy as she was, she possessed both courage and presence of mind. Mr. Stanton paid her a high tribute when he told Mr. Lincoln that she was quite the most dangerous and daring spy that had operated around Washington, and he wanted to make an example of her.

As Mr. Sanders had remarked on more than one occasion, there were good points about the lady if you didn't have to live on the same lot with her. Curiously enough, she had conceived a romantic friendship for Mr. Lincoln.

"Isn't he the dearest man?" she said to her companions as they strolled about, enjoying the warm sunshine. "I think he is just grand. I am dead in love with him. Oh, he is the most fascinating human being I ever saw. I used to hate him"—clasping her hands and throwing her head back—"and now I love him. How can our newspapers abuse him as they do?"

Presently Tad, Mr. Lincoln's little son, came from the rear of the house with his goats, and was soon joined by his father. Elise wanted to go where they were.

"Now, Leese, don't let's make geese of ourselves," said Mr. Sanders. "The man hardly has time to speak to his family. Let him alone."

"Oh, don't you believe that," said Elise. "Why, he's the most devoted man to his family I ever saw. He allows them to impose on him right and left. It's perfectly grand to see how patient he is. And look at that child's clothes; see what a misfit they are."

"It's the fashion, I reckon," responded Mr. Sanders.

Elise laughed merrily. "The fashion! Why, the world never saw such a fashion as that."

"Well, a President and his family don't have to be in the fashion. When it comes to that, they're mighty nigh as independent as me, I reckon."

The President heard Elise Clopton laugh and, seeing Bethune and Mr. Sanders with her, joined the group, Tad following with his horned team.

"You seem to be worried this morning, Mr. Lincoln," said Elise with one of her brightest smiles.

"Yes; we all have to worry about something, at some time or other," replied the President. "There's a man down in Tennessee they are trying to hang because he wandered off from camp one night, and his mother's at this end of the line crying her eyes out. I've spent half the morning trying to get a dispatch to the officer in command. Before they hang or shoot the boy, I want to see the record. But it's all right now," he said with a sigh.

They walked a little while in silence. Finally Mr. Lincoln turned to Mr. Sanders: "Does your President have much opposition?"

"Not among them that he can get his hands on. But Joe Brown is after him with a sharp stick, an' Bob Toombs rares around, an' they manage to keep the water warm, if not a-b'ilin'. The States' rights plaster does purty well when you slap it on some un else, but when the other feller slaps one on to you, it burns like fire."

"How is that?" Mr. Lincoln asked, his eyes fairly dancing with amusement.

"Well, Jeff Davis was put in to slap the States' rights plaster on to you-all, an' now he can't hardly git a law passed but what Joe Brown bobs up wi' a States' rights plaster an' slaps it on to Mr. Davis." Mr. Lincoln roared with laughter. "I don't think it's fair," Mr. Sanders went on, "but some of the boys apperiently git a good deal of fun out'n it."

The President's unrestrained laughter attracted the attention of Tad, who left his goats to the temporary care of Elise and went running to Mr. Sanders. "I wish you'd stay here all the time," he said in a pleading tone.

"What for, I'd like to know?" inquired Mr. Sanders, lifting the lad in his strong arms.

"Because you make papa laugh," replied Tad. "He laughs that way with me sometimes, but I want to hear him laugh that way when he's with grown people."

"That puts me in mind of the little chap that wanted a candy elephant," said Mr. Sanders. "He worried about it so till his pappy sent off an' bought a dollar's worth of sugar, an' his mammy put it in the preserve kettle, poured in a

couple of gourdfuls of water, an' stewed it down, an' then after so long a time, took it out, pulled it the best she could, an then built it up into some kind of animal that a blind man might take to be a rough imitation of a wooden elephant. Then she called in the little chap an' turned the elephant over to him. Well, he took this elephant out to the woodshed an' started in on him, but he hadn't gnawed his way no further than one of the hind legs till he was the sickest boy you ever saw, an' after that he'd turn pale an' cry if anybody so much as said 'candy elephant' to him."

"And no wonder!" exclaimed Tad.

"That's a fact," responded Mr. Sanders, "no wonder. An' I wouldn't be here a week before your pappy would pull out his hankcher an' cry if he so much as heard the name of Sanders."

"Would you?" cried Tad, turning to his father.

"Why, certainly not," replied the President. Satisfied, the lad slipped from Mr. Sanders' arms and went skipping to his goats. "I'll tell you the truth, my friend," Mr. Lincoln went on, laying a familiar hand on Mr. Sanders' shoulders, "you have no idea what a joyous relief it is to meet a man who knows how to say things and who doesn't want a post-office for himself, or his wife's cousin, or who doesn't want to take command of all the armies in the field, or take entire charge of the Government, or who hasn't some complaint to make, or some objection to offer—why it's like seeing the sun again after a couple of months of rainy weather."

"I reckon it's wuss now than ever before," remarked Mr. Sanders. They were walking along together, Bethune having lagged behind, intent on his own reflections.

"Yes, I reckon it is," said Mr. Lincoln. "If it wasn't for Stanton, who likes to have his hand in everything, I don't know what I'd do. He can stand up to more hard work and worry than any man I ever saw. Now, if you had a machine, full of intelligence, that was greedy for all the work you could pour into the hopper, you wouldn't mind it much if it pinched your fingers once in a while, or took off a finger-nail now and then, would you?"

"I jest reckon not," responded Mr. Sanders with emphasis.

"Well, that is the reason I take no offense when Stanton cusses me out behind my back or when he cuts up his capers before my face."

"I see," said Mr. Sanders. "When you want to bluff some feller that's a little too smart, you fetch out Stanton. It puts me in mind, in some ways, of Roach's race hoss."

"How was that?" Mr. Lincoln inquired.

"Why, there was a young chap in our settlement by the name of Waters, an' he had a quarter hoss that he vowed an' declared could outrun anything on four legs, includin' a steam engine. Well, he bragged about his hoss an' went on so that one day old man Johnny Roach, who had about a thimbleful too much of dram, up'd an' said he had a racer that could beat Waters' hoss so fur that he'd turn an' meet him halfway comin' back. Waters bantered him for a bet an' a trial, an' he got both. They set the day an' when the time come Waters was there, an' presently Uncle Johnny's youngest boy come gallopin' up on a steer.

"Now, ev'rybody in the county know'd the steer. He was old as the hills, but he was game, an' his horns was a plum cur'osity. From the p'int of one to the p'int of t'other was mighty nigh nine feet, an' he had a way of shakin' 'em that made folks stan' 'round.

"Waters begun to take water right off. Says he, 'That ain't no hoss.'

"'I never said he was a hoss,' says old man Johnny; 'I said he was a racer.'

"'Well, he ain't no racer,' says Waters.

"'That's yit to be decided,' says Johnny Roach. 'The money's up,' says he, 'an' I'm gwine to walk off wi' it.'

"Waters hem'd an' haw'd, but it didn't do no good. 'Git ready!' says old man Roach. 'Some of you men give the word.'

"Well,' says Waters, 'I dunner whether your steer can run or not; beat or git beat, *he's liable to do some damage*, an' I'll not run my hoss ag'in him.'

"So Roach's boy rode the steer over the course, an' old man Johnny poled off home with the stakes in his pocket."

Mr. Lincoln seemed to enjoy this anecdote very much. He said there was a very pungent moral in it which could be given a variety of applications, and he forthwith added it to his already large collection of stories.

All this while Bethune was wandering about the lawn with head hung down like a boy with the pouts. He was thinking hard, and his thoughts were not pleasant ones. Miss Dorrington gazed at him through the mists of memory with sad eyes. Of the many familiar faces he could remember, only one seemed to wear a smile—and that was the face of Miss Puella Gillum. Bethune came to Washington, it will be remembered, to seize and carry off the President. He had, in fact, hit upon the only plan which was in the least likely to paralyze the North, bring about peace and establish the Confederacy. Though the Georgian was a young man, he had tolerably fair judgment; and he had already seen that this patient, kindly man, with the bright smile and sad eyes, with Melancholy at one elbow and Mirth at the other, was the sole mainstay and reliance of the vast machine that was carrying on the war; that but for his prevision and tact, the halls of the Capitol and the corridors of the departments would swarm with relentless and ruinous factions.

It was true that Bethune's head was full of romantic notions. He had descended from a chivalrous race, and had been reared in a region where chivalry and knightly courtesy were very real things to those who aspired to them, and he now felt himself pulled about by conflicting emotions. He was keen to perform some feat or accomplish some result that would advance the Southern cause, and here was the opportunity. And yet the bare idea of carrying it out left a bad taste in his mouth. He was at war with himself. He felt in a dim, vague way, that the President was the heart of a mystery, the centre of a wonderful problem. As in an old picture, a light from some unseen source appeared to fall on the worn face of this man, who, born with "the wolf at the door" and in the most abject surroundings, had been lifted up to guide the nation.

Bethune had been so wrapped up in his own reflections that his Aunt Elise could hardly make him hear when she called him. He lifted his head and sighed, and then a frown fell on his face as he realized that she was speaking to him. Her frivolity irritated him, her gushing volubility oppressed him.

"Frank! oh, Frank!" she called, laughing, "pray stop thinking about your sweetheart, and come with me. The President told me I was not to go outside the gates. But I'm going now just to see what he'll say. Won't you come with me?"

For answer Bethune turned sharply away from his aunt. She ran after him. "Don't be so cross, Frank! It's not becoming to you. I wasn't going at all. You and old Billy Sanders, between you, will cause the people here to think I have no standing in my own family. Both of you are very rude. What have I done to deserve it?"

Now, about this kidnaping business," he remarked

This last remark was spoken with some show of temper, for the beautiful Elise could be spiteful at times.

"Nothing, Aunt Elise," replied Bethune; "but in your position a little more dignity would be suitable."

Elise laughed loudly, but her face was red with indignation. "A professor of etiquette!" she cried. "Before you try to teach me etiquette, nephew, do you learn to be polite and agreeable."

Mr. Lincoln, talking with Mr. Sanders some distance away, noticed by the actions of Bethune and his aunt that something was wrong. "What's the matter with our young friends?" he asked. "They seem to be quarreling."

"Well, it's a family fuss, I reckon," replied Mr. Sanders. "Frank was never fond of Leese, nor she of him."

"The lady seems to be somewhat flighty," remarked the President, "but I've remarked the symptoms in so many charming women that I rarely notice it now."

Mr. Sanders pursed his lips as your country lawyer does when he is about to make some remark which he thinks is unusually profound. "Leese is about as good as the common run, I reckon. She's not nigh as flighty as she looks to be. A right smart of it is put on, same as her clothes. When you come to know her, she's got lots of good p'ints. I don't like her much, but I dunno but that's my fault."

"Likely enough it is," said the President. "I've had a great opportunity to find out what people think of me, nine out of ten misjudge or misunderstand my words, my actions and my motives. You should be President for a little while, friend Sanders, just for the fun of the thing."

"Me!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders, "would I have to have a Secretary of War?"

"Why, certainly, that's a part of the game."

"Well, you'll have to excuse me. I don't mind takin' a turn at checkers, or marbles, or mumble-peg, but that's about the limit of my appetite. No, sir! no playin' President for me if there's a Secretary of War in the game. I may have to lousie your nabob before I leave this town; if I do, an' it don't hurt your feelin's too much, I aim to make a clean, healthy job of it."

Mr. Lincoln laughed and excused himself. A great many people had passed them by, going to the White House, some on business, some moved by curiosity, and some impelled by interest and sympathy.

"It takes a heap of people to make a world, friend Sanders," said the President, as he turned away, "and I must go and examine some more of the specimens. When you get ready to come in, Miss Brandon—I mean Mrs. Clopton—will show you how to avoid the crowd. I hope," he said, pausing again, "that you'll take dinner with us. Maybe you'd prefer to call it supper."

"About what time, Mr. President?"

"Early candlelight," replied Mr. Lincoln with a twinkle in his eye. The phrase was so familiar that the Georgian took it as a matter of course.

"Any gal company?" inquired Mr. Sanders.

"No, I think not. Mrs. Lincoln will have some of her friends to dine with her, and we can have a snug little dinner of our own. We'll have a member of Congress who was in Georgia once, and Stanton threatens to come, too."

"Well, I dunno about Frank Bethune, but none of 'em can turn my stomach."

"Stanton says he wants to discover whether you are fish, flesh or fowl," remarked the President, smiling.

"Jest tell him I'm a plain old snappin'-turtle from Georgia wi' red eyes an' cold feet." Mr. Lincoln turned away laughing, and Mr. Sanders was left alone until little Tad came along driving his goats. He fell into conversation with Mr. Sanders, and the talk was so interesting to both of them that they sat flat on the grass. They went from one subject to another until Mr. Sanders, who was a famous hand with young ones, landed Tad in the midst of that wonderful collection of animal stories which were familiar to many generations. The old Georgian told them so simply, and with such apparent confidence in their reality that the little son of the President accepted them as facts and was, for the time being, in another world—the world that had been created by the negro romancers who lived long ago.

Great statesmen passed and repassed them as they sat or lay reclining on the grass; generals of the army, Congressmen, civilians, office seekers, a curious and motley throng formed part of the procession, but, so far as Mr. Sanders and Tad were concerned they were all phantoms, invisible to the eye.

Bethune and his aunt were soon on good terms again and they made their way slowly back to the White House, evidently thinking that Mr. Sanders had gone in. Presently a servant came out hunting for Tad.

"We have been searching for you everywhere," the man said. "Your lunch is ready."

"Lunch!" cried Tad. He had been brought out of fableland so suddenly that he could hardly realize his surroundings. "Won't you come?" he said to Mr. Sanders with appealing eyes. "Please! oh, please come!"

"No; I reckon I better wait for you at home or in the pen where they put the office-hunters," said Mr. Sanders.

"We have some extra fine soup, sir," remarked the servant by way of a suggestion.

When Mr. Sanders had been made perfectly sure that whatever pleased the child would be pleasing to his father and mother, he took Tad's hand, and together they went to the children's lunch room. It is doubtful if Tad ever had another such day. The fun (for him) began when he made a somewhat riotous protest against a bib.

"Don't you wear 'em?" inquired Mr. Sanders in tones of surprise. "Well, I allers do." He turned to the waiter. "I wisht you'd pin one around my neck. I don't feel right wi'out 'em."

Then, with the napkin on, he made believe to be a little boy, and he carried out the pretense so solemnly that Tad fairly screamed with laughter. In fact, the youngster reached the point where he'd laugh almost to exhaustion every time Mr. Sanders looked at him. Mrs. Lincoln, hearing this unusual sound, left her guests for a moment and peeped in the door. For an instant she couldn't realize the situation. Mr. Sanders was saying, "What's your name?" and Tad was telling him. To which the reply was, "Well,

I'm named little Billy, an' I want some syrup in my plate so I can sop it." As Tad could say nothing for laughing, Mr Sanders went on

"One time I was eatin' a chicken gizzard an' I got to laughin', an' the fust thing anybody know'd the gizzard was stuck in my goozle. My mammy seed I was chokin' an' she hit me a lick on the back as hard as a mule can kick, an' the gizzard flew out an' knocked the cruet-stand off'n the table This made me laugh, an' my mammy says, 'Sposin' you'd 'a' been gnawin' on the whole chicken, where'd you be now?' an' I says, 'Humph' you better ax where the chicken'd be.'"

This was too much for Tad He slid out of his chair and fell on the floor where he fairly screamed with laughter. The dignified waiter caught the contagion, somehow He turned his back upon the rest and leaned half bent against the wall, trying to hold his sides with one arm. Mrs Lincoln ran back to relate the episode to her guests and, in her efforts to tell of the scene she witnessed, her laughter became uncontrollable, and pretty soon she and her guests were in a state bordering on the hysterical—all except one, an elderly lady, the wife of a Cabinet Minister, who sat looking from one to the other with eyebrows lifted and a countenance expressive of contempt

"That's the only fun he's had since the war began"

This lady seized upon this unpropitious moment to take her departure, and the gravity of her demeanor as she bowed herself out was such as to [illegible] The finishing touch was given when Mrs. Lincoln, who had a keen eye for the ridiculous, so far succeeded in controlling her countenance as to give a swift imitation of the solemn exit of the lady who had retired

This last incident, as free from malice as an innocent caper of a schoolgirl, was duly reported to the Cabinet Minister's wife, and that lady made it her business from that time forth to spread abroad hints of Mrs. Lincoln's "flightiness," and out of these hints, so industriously planted, grew the thousand and one fictions that were scattered up and down the land in regard to the mental condition of this bright Lady of the White House

That evening at dinner, after Bethune and Mr. Sanders had been introduced to Mr. Stanton and to Congressman Hudspeth, Mr. Lincoln referred to Tad's enjoyable luncheon, an enthusiastic account of which the lad had already given his father Mr. Sanders made some humorous remarks on the subject of amusing children. For a time the talk was wholly between these two. Mr Stanton seemed to be absorbed, though he watched the two Southerners very closely, while Hudspeth's thoughts appeared to be far afield Finally, Mr. Sanders turned to Mr. Hudspeth and asked him if he had ever been in Georgia

"Yes; I had some peculiar as well as some very pleasant experiences there"

"I allowed I'd met you there; you lived wi' Addison Abercrombie," remarked Mr Sanders. "You needn't be ashamed of it," he went on, "for Mr Seward was a school teacher down in that neighborhood years ago."

"Well, I wonder!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln. "Stanton the Governor has never told us about that. Well, well!"

"I mind him well," Mr. Sanders continued. "He was thin as a rail, wi' a big nose, an' his Adam's apple stuck out like a potleg He had red hair an' a freckled face."

Mr Hudspeth asked about little Crotchet, who was dead, and about Aaron, the Arab, in regard to whom Mr Sanders volunteered the information that he now owned the Abercrombie place.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Mr Stanton, almost angrily

"I mean, sir," exclaimed Mr. Sanders with a deprecatory gesture, "that Aaron is by the Abercrombie place like some folks I've seen are about the Government. He thinks he owns it an' he don't, they think they're runnin' the Government an' they ain't"

Mr. Stanton swelled up like a gobbler, as Mr. Sanders described it afterward, but Mr. Lincoln came to the rescue. Laughing heartily, he cried

"A fair hit, friend Sanders! You've touched my weak point. I reckon I do put on too many airs."

Mr. Sanders had a remark ready, but he felt his foot pressed and he held his peace. At that moment Mr. Stanton addressed him

"Who gave you a commission to come here?"

"A fellow named Doyle." It was Bethune who answered, and not Mr. Sanders. "Doyle gave me a pass from Mr. Lincoln. I regarded it as an invitation"

"And so it was," said Mr. Lincoln

"Who invited you?" inquired the Secretary, turning his spectacles on Mr. Sanders

"Well, I'm like the stranger at the infare. The folks saw him hangin' 'roun' the door, an' some on 'em axed him what he was doin' there, an' he said, says he, 'I heard the fiddlin' an' the shufflin', an' smelt the dram, an' I jest thought I'd look on an' see well done done well'"

"Well, you may say that you had an invitation, too," remarked Mr Lincoln. "I wouldn't have missed knowing you for a good deal"

"I can vouch for that," said Mr. Stanton ironically.

"If you can, Mr Secretary, so much the better," Mr Lincoln declared with some emphasis "But these gentlemen are my guests. If they are to be catechized I'm the one to do it."

"But will you?" inquired the Secretary

"No, I won't," replied the President

"Why, Mr. President," cried Mr. Sanders, "he don't pester us one grain."

"Mr. President, I have just one more question to ask," said the Secretary

"Fire away!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders.

"Did the man Doyle give you a dispatch to be delivered at the War Department?"

"He did," replied Bethune. "I suspected that it was a trap laid for us, opened it and had it deciphered. I kept a copy of the translation, and will now take occasion to present it to the President, so that he may see how the lives of human beings are trafficked in by those who desire to win Mr. Stanton's favor. We fell into the hands of a man named Awtry, but we insisted that he should bring us to the President"

He handed the copy of the dispatch to Mr. Lincoln, who read it, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. Then he turned to Bethune and regarded him with a half-humorous, half-melancholy, but wholly attractive smile

"May I see this extraordinary dispatch, Mr. President?" asked the Secretary, holding out his hand for it

"You have no objections?" the President nodded to Bethune

"None in the world, Mr. President," was the calm and confident reply.

"Well, anyhow, I reckon I'd better put it in my pocket," said Mr. Lincoln in his slow, deliberate way. "It might worry you, Stanton, and it's a matter too trifling for you to be worried about. No, I'll take charge of it myself."

With that he folded the copy carefully and placed it in an old morocco pocketbook. He was absorbed in thought a moment or two, drumming on the table with his fingers Then he lifted his head and laughed, remarking: "It reminds me of a story I heard——

"Good night, Mr. President! Good night, Hudspeth" exclaimed the Secretary sharply as he arose from the table. "You two," he said, indicating Bethune and Mr. Sanders, "will hear from me again."

"My post-office is Salem, Injianny," remarked Mr Sanders in his matter-of-fact way.

This was too much for Mr. Lincoln, who laughed uproariously as Stanton stalked out. But he suddenly grew grave again. "I'm always forgetting my dignity," he declared "Stanton is angry, and he has a right to be. But if he had seen this affair"—tapping his pocket—"he'd have half a regiment on guard here, and he'd keep it up until I went out and dismissed 'em, as a country showman dismisses his audience.

Congressman Hudspeth had a good many questions to ask about old acquaintances, and he and Mr. Sanders were soon engaged in a friendly discussion over the rights and the wrongs of the war. It was a discussion altogether useless, a fact to which the President called attention, with the result of putting an end to it. Shortly afterward Mr Hudspeth, he being a prominent member of the military committee, excused himself and retired, and Bethune and Mr Sanders soon followed his example

"I'd ask you to sit up with me a while," said the President, "but I'll have a busy night of it. Come to-morrow night about ten. We must talk about your trip. Miss Brandon is very particular, and we must try to meet her views."

"You leave her to me, Mr. President," remarked Mr Sanders suggestively

"Gladly, gladly, my friend!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln so heartily that Mr Sanders was compelled to laugh, and even Bethune smiled.

Curiously enough, neither of the Southerners as they returned to their apartments spoke of the scheme which had originally brought them to Washington. Each was anxious that the other should make a suggestion to abandon it altogether, while each, for reasons that will be clear to every masculine mind, hesitated about making such a suggestion Thus it was that neither mentioned the plan in any shape or form that night or the next day. It was a queer situation, and it was altogether characteristic that Bethune should worry over its embarrassments while Mr. Sanders was inwardly chuckling over its humorous features

It was not until they were about to leave the hotel at the hour agreed upon that a word was said on the subject

"I reckon you're feelin' a little nervous, Frank," suggested Mr. Sanders.

"Not more than you, I venture," replied Bethune calmly

As Mr. Sanders had expected a somewhat different reply, he merely pursed his lips as though he were going to whistle, and said no more

The carriage was at the door and Bethune and Mr. Sanders were driven swiftly to the White House. The two Southerners found Mr. Lincoln in high good humor. He welcomed them in the heartiest manner, slapping Mr Sanders on the back and displaying in the most unaffected manner his delight at seeing his "two friends from Georgia," as he called them

"You must have heard good news, Mr. President," suggested Bethune

"Well, if I had I wouldn't tell you fellows; it would be bad news to you. But, as an old friend of mine used to say, 'No news is good news,' and when there's no fuss in the family, and no quarrel about a fence line, and the cow is giving down her milk, and the hens are laying, the man who forgets to be happy will miss a mighty good chance."

"That's so," assented Mr. Sanders

"By the way," said Mr. Lincoln, turning to Bethune "what put it into that man's head to charge you fellows with plotting to kidnap the President?"

"Doyle, you mean? Well, Mr. President, he could as easily have charged us with plotting to assassinate the President I wonder he didn't, since all he had to do was to choose the word," replied Bethune

"Well, when you two get back, what will you do to this man?" asked Mr Lincoln

"Why, we are in hopes his case will be attended to before we lay eyes on him again," was the answer

"Is that so?" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, sitting bolt upright Then he laughed lightly, and leaned back again, throwing one of his long legs over the arm of his chair. "Well, don't be too hard on him."

The President, leaning back with his hands behind his head, gazed at the ceiling in silence for some time, apparently in a profound study. Then he laughed aloud at some amusing thought, and once more sat upright in his chair

"Now, about this kidnaping business," he remarked "Do you think it would be an easy matter to kidnap the President?"

Mr. Sanders gave a gasp of surprise as he turned in his seat

"Mr. President," said Bethune, leaning forward and speaking in grave, measured accents, "Mr. President, it would be the easiest thing in the world."

"What time is it?" asked Mr. Lincoln

"About half after ten," replied Mr. Sanders, consulting his silver watch, which was big as a biscuit and weighed about half a pound.

"Well, Stanton is to be here about half-past eleven, and he usually comes ahead of time. Now, what I want you to do," Mr. Lincoln went on with some eagerness, "is to show me how that kidnaping business could be carried out. Let's suppose a case, what we lawyers call a hypothetical case. Let's take it for granted that, in the performance of your duty, as you look at it, you had concluded that the easiest way to achieve what you call your independence is to seize the President and carry him South. Then let us suppose that matters had fallen out pretty much as they have. Here you are, two quick-witted Confederates; now show me how the kidnaping could be carried out."

"But, Mr. President," exclaimed Bethune, "that is precisely——"

Mr. Lincoln stopped him. "I know—I know!" he cried, and his voice overbore that of Bethune. Know! what did he know? "I know how you feel about it; but this is purely a hypothetical case. I am supposed to be taken unawares."

Both Bethune and Mr. Sanders had arisen from their chairs, partly to conceal their excitement and partly to seize what seemed to be a providential opportunity. The event had, as it were, been taken out of their hands. They seemed to have no choice in the matter.

"Well, Mr. President, supposing that we had come here on such a mission," said Bethune, "it would probably be carried out in this way, making due allowances for emergencies." He went to the inner door and looked in. Then he went to the outer door and looked out into the wide entrance The moment was propitious. He returned, stood by the President's chair, and then touched him sharply on the shoulder

"Mr. Lincoln, great emergencies sometimes call for cruel remedies." Bethune's voice was grim in its earnestness. "We are two Confederates. You are our prisoner. Make no outcry. Not a hair of your head shall be harmed if you obey instructions. The situation is desperate for us, but it is more desperate for you."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SILENT SAM'EL

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

MISS ANGELINA BROWN was a young woman of many charms. Every one in Little Africa conceded that. No one who had seen her dash gracefully up the aisle of Mount Moriah Church to the collection-table with tossing head and rustling skirts; no one who had seen her move dreamily through the mazy dance at the hod-carriers' picnics could fail to admit this much. She was a tall, fine-looking girl, with a carriage that indicated that she knew her own worth, as she did.

What added to the glamour that hung about the name of the brown damsel was that she was the only daughter of a very solid citizen—a man who was known to have both "propity" and money. There was no disputing the solidity of the paternal Brown, as there was no question of his utter simplicity and unaffectedness. He had imparted to Angelina a deal of his own good sense, and though she did not flaunt it, she did not, like many others born hitherside the way, disdain the fact that her father had learned on his master's plantation the trade that supported them.

Under these circumstances it is easy to believe that the young woman had many suitors. There were many proper and stylish young men in the community who were willing to take the entrancing girl for herself in spite of the incubus of her riches. Indeed, there were frequent offers of such noble sacrifices; but Angelina was a shrewd high priestess, and she found it better to keep her victims in her train than to immolate them on the altar of matrimony. So it happened that there were few evenings when a light was not visible in the parlor of old Isaac Brown's house, and one or another of the young men of Little Africa did not sit there with Angelina.

It was of a piece with the usual good sense that governed this house that slow going, unpretentious Samuel Spencer—"Silent Sam'el," they called him—made one of these evening sitters. Samuel was a steady-going, good-humored fellow, and a workman under the elder Brown. This may have accounted for Angelina's graciousness to him. For even when he was in her company he had never a word to say for himself, but sat, looked at the lamp, twirled his hat, and smiled. This was certainly not very entertaining for the girl, but then, her father had a high opinion of Samuel's ability. So she would make conversation, and endure his smiles, until old Isaac would call gruffly to him from the kitchen, and he would rise silently and go. Then Angelina was free to entertain whom she pleased for the rest of the evening, for the two men did not part until near midnight.

Once with his employer, Samuel would venture a remark now and then over the something like oily looking tea which they stirred round and round in their glasses. But usually he listened while the old man expounded his new plans and ideas, and every once in a while would shake his head in appreciation, or pat his knee in pure enjoyment. This happened every Wednesday, for that was Samuel's particular evening. Isaac Brown looked forward to it with more pleasure than Angelina. For as he said, when Samuel's silence was referred to, "You needn't say nothin' to me 'bout Sam'el Spencer. I reckon he talks enough fu' me and 'sides dat, I's allus noticed dat hit took a might' sma't man to know how to keep his mouth shet. Hit's a heap easier to talk."

But there were others who were not so favorably disposed toward old man Brown's "pet," as they called him. Jim White, who was head waiter at the big hotel, and consequently widely conversant with men and things, said: "Huh, ol' Sam go down to ol' man Brown's, an' set up there fur an hour an' a half 'side Miss Angelina, her talkin' an' laughin' an' him lookin' like a bump on a log." And this same joke, though often repeated, never failed to elicit a shout of laughter from the waiters assembled about their leader, and anxious to laugh at anything the autocrat of the dining room might condescend to say. Others went so far as to twit Samuel himself, but he bore all of this good-naturedly, and without attempting to change his manner, until one memorable night.

It was on the occasion of a great rallying festival at Mount Moriah Church, and a large part of Little Africa was gathered within the church walls, partaking of ice cream, oyster stews and coffee. As Angelina was one of those who had volunteered to help serve the company she had denied herself the pleasure of a "gentleman escort" and had gone early with her father and mother.

Jim White and Samuel Spencer were not the only ones who followed her about that evening with amorous glances. Young men bought oyster stews if she could serve them when they had eaten far beyond their normal capacities. Old men with just teeth enough left to ache gave themselves neuralgia with undesired ice cream.

Jim White had about him a crowd that he treated lavishly every time he could get Angelina's eye; and Samuel himself had already accomplished six oyster stews and was looking helplessly at his seventh.

There is no telling what might have happened had not the refreshments given out and the festival been forced to close. The young men and young women came together in twos and took their way home. But while Angelina stood counting her takings there were no less than six anxious beaus who stood waiting her pleasure.

Of these Sam was the nearest, and those who looked on were about to conclude that even slow as he was he would reach her this time first and gain permission to take her home, when just as a slight sinking of her head showed that her counting was done, Jim White stepped up and, with a bow, asked for "the pleasure." She looked around for a moment and her eye fell on her silent admirer. She hesitated, and then, turning, bowed to White.

The smile died on Sam's face, and he stood watching them blankly. Not until her escort had found her wraps and had put her in them and she had said a light good night to those who waited did Sam awake from his stupor.

There were some titters as he passed out, and a few remarks such as, "Uh huh, Sam, you too slow fu' Jim. You got to move an' talk faster," or "You sholy was cut out dat time."

But he went on his way, though in spite of the smile that came back to his lips there was a determined look in his eyes. On the church steps he paused and looked after the retreating forms of Angelina and his rival, then with a short but not angry "Huh!" he went his way home.

There was in his mind the consciousness of something wrong, and that something was wrong, his far from dull wits told him, neither with Jim nor Angelina, but himself. He had a perfect right to speak to her first if he could, and she had a right to accept his company. He was bleakly just to every one concerned, and yet he knew by rights he should have taken Angelina home, and then the thought came to him that he could have said nothing to her even had he taken her home. Jim could talk; he couldn't. The knowledge of his own deficiencies overwhelmed him, and he went to bed that night in no happy frame of mind.

For a long while he did not sleep, but lay thinking about Angelina. It was nearly morning when he got suddenly out of bed and began dancing a breakdown in his bare feet, whispering to himself, "By gum, that's it!"

The landlady knocked on the wall to know what was the matter. He replied that he had been attacked with cramp in his feet, but was better now, and so subsided.

From now on a change took place in Samuel's manner of proceeding. The first thing that marked this change was his unexpected appearance in the Brown parlor on the next Monday. Angelina was entertaining another caller, but she received him pleasantly and, so far as an occasional reference to him would suffice, drew him into the conversation. However, he did not stay long, and so his hostess concluded that he had just been passing and had casually dropped in. What was her surprise when promptly at the same hour on the next night Samuel again came smiling in and settled himself to listen to the talk of that night's caller. Angelina was astounded. What did he mean? Had he begun to spy upon her and her company? Wednesday was his acknowledged night, and of course he had a right to come, but when he turned up on Thursday she openly tossed her head and treated him with marked coldness. The young man who had the pleasure of sitting out the hours on Thursday brought her a bunch of flowers. Samuel was evidently taking lessons, for on Friday night he appeared with a wondrous bouquet.

For one whole week, including Sunday, he was by the side of his divinity some part of every evening. The other young men were provoked. Angelina was annoyed, but less seriously than she might have been when she found that Samuel had the consideration never to stay long. The most joyful one of all concerned was old Isaac Brown himself.

"When Sam'el sets out a cou'tin' he does it jes' like he does evahthing else. Huh, de way he sot his cap fu' Angie is a caution."

But the truth of it was, Samuel Spencer was deeper than those who knew him could fathom. His week's visit to Angelina had not been without reason or result, and its object might have been discovered as he mumbled to himself on the last night of his constant attendance: "Well, I've heard 'em all talk, but I reckon that little Scott fellow that comes on Friday night's about the slickest of the lot. He'll have to do my talkin fur me." He chuckled a little, and shook his head solemnly, "Ef somebody else got to speak fur me," he added, "I do' want nothin' but the best talent."

The next week it appeared that Samuel's sudden passion must have burned itself out as suddenly as it had appeared, for not even Wednesday night saw his face in the Brown parlor. Then was Angelina uneasy, for she thought she had offended him; and she didn't want to do that, for he was her father's friend anyway, even if he was nothing to her, and her father's—oh, well, her father's friend deserved respect. So she instructed the elder Brown to inquire the reason for the young man's sudden defection, and she was greatly soothed, even though she did not care for him, when her parent brought back the message that "Sam'el was all right, an' 'ud be 'roun'."

It was not until Friday night that he came and, contrary to his usual custom, he went directly back into the kitchen where he spent the hours with the old man. Angelina was piqued, and she tossed her head as he came in just as Mr. Scott was leaving. He sat down and smiled at her for a little while, and then he said abruptly:

"I mean all he said.'

She gazed at him in astonishment.

"I mean all he said," he repeated, and soon after bade her good night.

Friday night after Friday night he came at one hour or another, and after Scott had poured out his heart to Angelina Samuel merely whispered in her ear that he meant all that. Now this was very shrewd of Samuel, for Mr. Scott was a very eloquent and fluent talker, and Angelina thought that if Samuel meant all the other said he must mean a good deal.

One night, with burning words, Scott asked the momentous question. Samuel was in the kitchen with Isaac Brown at the time his rival was making his impassioned plea. Angelina bade her wooer wait until she had time to think, and when he had gone she awaited the coming of Samuel.

He came in smiling, as usual.

"I mean all he said," he asserted.

"How do you know you do? You do' know what he said," retorted Angelina.

"I mean all he said," repeated Sam.

"La, Mr. Spencer, you are the beatenes' man! If you mean all he said, why don't you say it yo'se'f?"

"I can't," said Sam simply.

"Well, Mr. Scott surely has said enough [illegible]."

"I mean all he said."

"I'm mighty 'fraid you'll want to back out when you hear it."

"I mean all he said," and Sam laid an emphasis on the "all." He was slowly working his way toward Angelina. His wits began to tell him what Scott had said.

"You ain't never ast me what he said,"

"What?"

"Oh, I can't tell you; don't you know?"

By this time he had reached her and put his arm around her trim waist.

"I mean all he said."

"Well, then, I says yes to you fur what you means, even if you won't say it," and Angelina ducked her head on his breast.

Sam's eyes shone, and it was a good deal later before he left that night. As he stood at the gate he suddenly broke his silence and said, "I thought Scott was nevah goin' to git to the question."

He sat down and smiled at her for a little while, and then he said abruptly: "I mean all he said"

A Hindu Literary Woman

THE world grows smaller day by day and the old walls of linguistic and racial difference are crumbling away. The latest addition to English writers is a bright little Hindu woman whose lectures are well known in the United States. She comes of a high-caste family, and her name is S. Rajahgopaul. Her work is a compilation of the Hindu children's songs and her own metrical compositions.

Here and there is an odd resemblance between the ancient Indian songs and games and those of our own race. Where the Anglo-Saxon child refers to the dog, the cow and the bear, the Hindu child speaks of the tiger, the buffalo and the elephant.

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The Gold Cure for Anti-Expansionists

NO INCIDENT of our war with Spain seemed stranger than that the first volunteer soldiers sent to the Philippines were drawn largely from the newest States of the Union—Utah, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. They were as stalwart a lot of men as could have been found anywhere, and they gave a good account of themselves, but the change from the high altitudes and invigorating air of their homes to the swamps and torrid heat of the Philippines was great enough to startle the dullest imagination, as well as wear upon the strongest physique.

Yet some of them did not wish to come home when their term of service expired, and the reason has been dribbling slowly from soldiers' letters. Most residents of the States named are prospectors, either professional or amateur, for the precious metals, they cannot pass a ledge of rock without chipping it, nor can they cross a brook without lingering to examine its sands for "color." That they have been disappointed hundreds of times does not discourage them, for the future is the only time of which the prospector thinks, and even good luck in the past is as nothing to the fortune that is to come

It was already known that gold existed in the Philippines, though the Spaniards had not succeeded in finding much of it. But our mining States' soldiers who did not return with their regiments, as well as many who went over with subsequent detachments of troops, kept their eyes and ears open, and between them, according to letters that have reached the United States, they learned where there is "placer" gold in paying quantities, as well as promising quartz veins, and at last accounts a few hundred discharged soldiers were impatiently awaiting permission to "rush" the country, stake claims and resume their home occupation, though they were ten thousand miles from home. Some who did not wait for permission, and had to be driven out by their late companions-in-arms, brought back a pleasing quantity of gold dust and nuggets to show to the doubting and envious.

It is unnecessary to say that if the new gold-fields "pan out" as well as reports indicate, and rich quartz veins are located, all home opposition to the retention of the islands will fall upon deaf ears. So will all talk about the inability of white men to live in the Philippines. Experience has proved abundantly that neither heat nor cold, distance nor hardship, difficulty of access nor inhospitality of natives has ever deterred Americans from seeking gold wherever it was known to be. Whatever our civil and military authorities may not know of the interior will soon be learned by the miners and by the prospectors, who always distance the miners and form the advance guard of the movement toward new fields. Trade follows the miner as surely as it follows the flag; so does civilization—not at a bound, perhaps, but faster, at worst, than it makes its way in rude countries through any other influence. —JOHN HARRERTON.

It is always well to expand, but it is rather dangerous to get beyond one's income

War Mounted on the World's Stage

WAR is one of the fine old conservative occupations and, apart from planting cabbages and all for which planting cabbages may be allowed to stand, is certainly one of the best established and best recognized facts in existence Mankind began to fight as soon as it began to exist and has gone on fighting ever since. This century has been as bloody as any in the world's history. And if the amount of fighting has been about the same the manner of it until recently has not been very different. Not, of course, that there have not been great actual changes, as, for example, when the burgher, harquebus in hand, proved himself more than a match for the mail clad knight, and chivalry and privilege reeled in the saddle. But there has always been the same business character about it. Now, however, with the altered world of discovery and invention, a change undoubtedly has taken place in the way in which the average onlooker regards an important war

In the first place, when it is only a few days to anywhere, the scene of conflict seems brought much closer. An American of the Napoleonic days, getting his news in months, could have only a very distant interest in what was going on, but it is assuredly different nowadays when every skirmish is served up "hot and hot," and when a battle is often reported almost step by step. The sending out of a small army of reporters to write and artists to illustrate exactly as is done for a great prize fight is a proof that war has become in a measure a sporting "event." What wonder is it, then, that with hourly dispatches and instantaneous photography war has come to assume something of the character of a spectacle! When one reads in the morning paper that some important post is being attacked, or that some desperate defense is being made, knowing that the story is to be "continued in our next," and that one may even have the dénouement in an "extra," an interest is created in which the critical pleasure of the reader is mingled with the thrills of the spectator

This change may be said to have begun with the Franco-Prussian war, which was the first great spectacle mounted in this way on the world's stage. Since then each considerable war has become more and more scenic, more a spectacle at which the world "assists." It may almost be said that we enjoy our wars now.

Whether such a way of looking at what is a most unfortunate fact is something that makes for progress and civilization is not quite clear. At first there is a suggestion about the condition of affairs that recalls the Roman thousands throng ing the amphitheatre and gazing enthralled upon the arena For indeed it has come to this: that every battlefield is an arena on which the world looks down. However, there is unquestionably an advantage in the fact that since all is done under the eyes of the world there is more likelihood that the rules of the game will be observed; there is less chance of undue advantage being taken of a weaker foe, and more probability that an end will come quickly.

—GEORGE HIBBARD.

As a rule, the spirituality of the modern man depends mainly upon his digestion.

Oom Paul in New Jersey

AN ENTERPRISE of recent growth but apparently of unlimited possibilities is that of the moving picture as it manifests itself under various names in the theatre and other places of entertainment.

For some months it has been possible for a man to mingle with a crowd at a parade or something of this sort and go to the theatre in the evening and see himself walk across the screen with his fellow-victims. There has been a certain nervousness about this form of art, with an ominous spattering of the machine up in the gallery, and a general impression in the mind of the beholder that something was going to happen; but on the whole the exhibition has usually been interesting.

The urban crowd and similar domestic scenes have for some time been accounted too prosaic by the moving picture artists and the recent wars have proved welcome material. There were shown to us Cuban conflicts, and now South African struggles. The idea of the heroic artist taking, so to say, his life in one hand and his camera in the other and going out on to the field of actual battle, and pressing the button three hundred times a minute amid the awful smoke and swirl of the conflict, has touched the popular imagination and drawn large crowds. Nor has the danger to the hardy picture-taker been wholly imaginary. He has known what it is to bleed and suffer for his art

Take the battle of Spion Kop, for instance, one of the most desperate of the present war. The unfortunate wounding of the moving artist was responsible for the public becoming aware of the heroism of his kind. This frenzied struggle of Spion Kop took place among the fastnesses of the Orange Mountains, near Orange, New Jersey. But did the artist shrink from duty on this account? Far from it! Two hundred men had been engaged—many of them veterans of similar conflicts. Half were dressed in the uniforms of the Boers, half in that of the British. All the leading generals on both sides were on hand, and it is reported that Oom Paul himself was in the background, smoking a furious pipe. Some say that Queen Victoria was present, wearing her crown but this is probably an exaggeration

Just as the word was to be given to start the awful struggle a cannon was prematurely discharged. It was a heavy piece of ordnance, weighing, including the carriage, two hundred or two hundred and twenty five pounds, and had done savage execution in the War of 1812 and at many noisy Fourth of July celebrations at Patterson and West Hoboken since It was aimed pointblank at the artist. The wad struck him in the back and lifted him along some twenty feet. With remarkable self possession Lord Roberts ran to the nearest district messenger box and sent in an ambulance call. The wounded artist was soon rattling over the kopjes to the Newark Homeopathic Hospital. Did he complain? Not he! His only regret was that the photograph apparatus was not going at the time, so that no picture of the scene was secured. Who shall say that this man was not a hero? But it is doubtful if either the British or the Transvaal Government will give him a pension

This touching account of the battle of Spion Kop suggests many things. One of the most important is this Why have we not in the moving picture a way to settle the question of the existence and habits of people on other planets? There is Mars—a few realistic domestic scenes of Martial life carefully worked up in the artistic atmosphere of New Jersey ought to prove interesting both to the ordinary citizen and to the astronomer. Men like the hero of Spion Kop are capable of arranging them. But cannons must be ruled out, or wadded with something soft and innocuous.

—HAYDEN CARRUTH

The real summer girl is always campaigning for an autumn wedding

Our Uneasy Consciences

THERE is nothing more unreasonable than an overweening conscience. The sense of "ought," which no activity appeases; the sense of shame for one's "shortcomings," no matter how "long" we come in reality, this is an element in life which often tends to evil results.

Nagging is disagreeable and generally useless, whoever does it; and to have a perennial nagger incorporated in one's system is worse than an outside one.

There are two extreme results. One is a nervous, restless, ceaseless activity, without the accompanying rainbow in the soul that is supposed to accompany duty performed—it never is performed under such a conscience, the other is a callosity developed by the efforts of the organism toward self-preservation. The irritative conscience is encysted, wrapped up in smooth hardness, like the offending grain of sand in the oyster.

Neither of these conditions is healthful, nor promotive of wise, good conduct. Is it not possible to have it out with one's conscience, settle on a level of virtue one may consider attainable, and pursue the even tenor of one's way?

Here is a woman, a good deal of an invalid, fretting because she cannot write letters to deserving friends; feeling daily remorse at neglecting them. Now this is a simple matter to decide. She either can or cannot write a letter a day—or two—or three. If she *can*, there is no power that can prevent her. If she *cannot*, she is not to blame.

One can ascertain one's powers by a little careful experiment, live easily up to them, and experience a profound sense of piety and peace in the fulfillment.

Either one can or one cannot. How is one to know? By trying. Try hard, try nobly, test your outside limit; then walk easily within it.

We are not to blame for not doing what we cannot.

There is no great difficulty in doing what we can.

The best method of settling one's conscience is to drag it into the open, carefully define its demands, fulfill what is in one's power, and then refuse to be disturbed by any required impossibility. An undisciplined, exorbitant, irrational conscience is more distressful than a scolding mother and a teasing child. —CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

Man wants but little here below—and unless he owns stock in a trust he generally gets it.

Seeing Ourselves Through Cuban Spectacles

WHEN the poet exclaimed the desire to see ourselves as others see us he expressed a thought that is constantly in the human mind, but in reality it is something like confessing our sins—we would rather make excuses for them than publicly to acknowledge them.

All governments as well as all individuals who amount to much in the world make bold professions. From the budding youth who determines to go forth in the world and shoot Indians and tigers, and who proclaims his dauntlessness, to the great organization which annexes gold mines and small States for benevolent reasons, there is a spirit of extravagant claim to doing the thing for the good of the Indians and the tigers and the gold mines. Nobody when going to war or going hunting ever admits selfishness or confesses anything but the highest motives.

Undoubtedly much of the noble language we used in the literary part of the war with Spain was right and well deserved. We were acting for the good of the world. There is no doubt about that. But the foolish people whom we took under our protection expected us to live up to our advertisements, and consequently when a marauding band of politicians from Ohio and Indiana got into the postal service of Cuba and stole a hundred thousand dollars or so the natives made invidious comments. And when in the face of absolute promises that Puerto Rico should have free trade we placed a tariff on all her products, the ungrateful beneficiaries of the new brand of freedom had the temerity to make criticisms. So it goes. Even the Filipinos are saying that so far American occupation has been marked mainly by an inordinate increase in the imports of beer

Of course these people will be educated up to things after a bit. If they are at all hopeless they have only to see how well we have civilized the American Indian

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

The reformer who simply seeks to reform himself into office is worse than the worst spoilsman.

Americans *in* Paris

THE famous art palaces of the Exposition, the Great and the Small, were thrown open May 1. Only a few thousand visitors were admitted to that section of the grounds. Outside of the gates of the Avenue des Champs Élysées the police and cavalry kept back the mob.

"It's always that way," said a melancholy socialist. "We do the voting and the silk hats get the cake."

At two o'clock the President and Madame Loubet arrived, in a democratic barouche, without footmen or outriders. There were no cheers, for M. Loubet, in spite of the fact that he is a pleasant little man, has not the art of making himself popular with that class of the population that likes to shout in the streets. Physically the President of France is the exact counterpart of Mr. Andrew Carnegie; they are about the same age, and neither one is taller, thinner or grayer than the other.

Of the two thousand guests who received him at the doors of the Small Palace of Art, one-half were foreigners—artists or functionaries; they expressed their emotion by taking off their silk hats. M. Leygues, the Minister of Beaux-arts, and the Commissioner of the Exposition, M. Picard, are fairly long-legged men. They started off on a tour of inspection at a tremendous pace, the President trotting between them, while the guests swept after. Upstairs and down, through stone corridors and flowery courts, along endless galleries the procession passed, breathless. Always the President smiled and trotted and gasped '*qu'il y a du bon!*" Everywhere were pictures, sculptures, tapestries, ivories, jewels, furniture, precious objects of all sorts—a historical review of the art of France—brought from old châteaux and provincial museums. It took M. Loubet exactly twenty minutes to sweep through it all. Then the Grand Palace of Art.

The procession had grown a trifle, it was a hundred feet long and twenty feet wide. It flowed through the huge doors into a court, which the irreverent Parisians had already dubbed The Stables. Here it is the sculptors have stabled their horses. And what horses! They are twenty feet high, they are thirty feet high. They squat and rear and go careering up toward the blue sky. On D. J. French's horse is a marble Washington; on that of Saint-Gaudens poses General W. T. Sherman, led on by Victory; MacMonnies' horses stand ramping on their hind legs, while a Norwegian sculptor has reversed the idea, and his horses race head down into the earth, bearing "the dead who deserve it."

M. Loubet's Insatiable Appetite for Art

Through The Stables, up the grand staircase—up innumerable staircases—the crowd rushes, pursuing M. Loubet, who still trots and smiles. Here is the centennial of French art—all the masterpieces of a hundred years. (They are not all masterpieces now; time turns the old days to derision.) And here, at last, are the foreign sections, the United States having the best place of all, at the right of the grand staircase. It is admirably decorated. The hangings are all in pale green, while the frieze is ornamented with gilt laurel leaves and the national arms. It is a pretty harmony and in excellent taste. When Mr. John B. Cauldwell, director of the American Art Department, welcomes him, M. Loubet smiles and shakes hands and says something about "cordial fraternity—republican brotherhood" and hurries on through the five rooms of the American exhibit. He has made nearly six miles in one hour and a half. It is a record. As he spins away on his last half lap all good Americans leave him. They look at the pictures. The triumph and sensation of the exhibit is Mr. Whistler's portrait of himself. It is a picture as delicate and profound as that masterpiece of modern portraiture, his portrait of his mother, which is now owned by the French Government, and hangs in the Luxembourg. A Harmony in Brown and Gold, Mr. Whistler calls his self-portraiture. And yet it is not only himself he has painted, he has painted what is perhaps the best type of the artist. There is distinction in the face—something at once mysterious and aristocratic and, if I am not mistaken, ironic. You can see there is not only the great artist who paints, but as well the man who sees in life only a subject to be painted. And this surely is James McNeill Whistler. His work is sincere for the very reason that it is not complicated with theories. The "eccentricities" of which every one talks have no place in his art.

As we said these things and others far more enthusiastic there passed a slight, little man, dressed all in black. His hands and feet were small as those of a child, and he wore a huge silk hat of the fashion of thirty years ago. His face was the color of parchment, and mustache and imperial were grizzled, and a mass of fluffy grayish hair stood out around his head like a halo.

He walked slowly, staring through his eye-glass.

We took off our hats—for this was Whistler in the flesh—a "living old master," as The Saturday Evening Post aptly called him once upon a time.

Abbey's Hamlet, Sargent's portraits of a woman in rose and of the President of Bryn Mawr College, a portrait by Chase of a woman in a white shawl, Alexander's Rodin, and Julius L. Stewart's delicious composition, The Nymphs of Nysa, are pictures that appeal to one even in the bustle of an "inauguration" day. The exhibit is good and strong. In this competition the United States has nothing to fear. The general characteristic of all these paintings seems to be extraordinary ability—that is, a mastery of the painter's craft. It is the American characteristic of doing things well. There is little sentimentality and little of what one might call profound thoughtfulness. It is the art work of a nation vigorous, accomplished and little given to brooding; and this is just what it should be.

"The Best Bear Story in the World!"

Alexander P. Proctor came out of Colorado. He had a ranch out there ten years ago and he sold it and went to New York and studied art. By the time the Chicago World's Fair came along he had some reputation. You may remember his polar bears, and especially his jaguars. So he got married and came to Paris for his honeymoon.

"The visit and the honeymoon have lasted seven years," he says, "but I'm going back to my cottage up the Hudson after the Exposition."

Of all the American sculptors, I think Mr. Proctor deserves most of America. Mr. Proctor is essentially and racially American. His sculptures all speak of that great West from which he came; they are Indians, elk, panthers, broncos—they are the West. And this racial interpretation is, after all, the only vital form of art. There is nothing like modeling in the clay of your own back yard.

I have no intention of talking art—I merely started to tell you the Best Bear Story in the World, and as Mr. Proctor figures in it, you had to know him first. It came about this way: The other day I saw this dignified sculptor in his garden in Auteuil making exciting casts with a thirty-six foot lasso, while his three-year-old girl, Hester, looked on in [illegible] amusement.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Son and heir," he shouted, lassoing a lilac bush; "he came last night, and I had to get out the old lasso to celebrate. It's the happiest day in my life—except the day I killed my first bear."

And this is how it happened:

The Bear Still Coming

"When I was sixteen years old I was at Grand Lake, Colorado, some hundred miles or more from Denver. The family were on their usual summer vacation, you understand, and I and my brother George were along. George had a new Sharp's forty-calibre rifle, so he swapped me his old gun for a hunting knife that cost me seventy-five cents. Late in September there was a fine tracking-snow, and I determined to go out for a day's elk hunt. I wanted to go with George and an old hunter named All Horse Johnson, but they refused me and Old Roary, as they called my gun. It wasn't much of a gun, I admit. In the beginning of its career it had been an army musket, but it had been born again and come out a fifty-calibre needle gun. It was cranky at times, refusing to explode the cartridge or to eject the empty shells, but it had a full-grown two-mule kick that it used on all occasions.

Well, this September morning as I said, there was a fine tracking snow. My brother and All-Horse got off at four o'clock, leaving me behind. By the time I started it was nine o'clock. About eleven o'clock I ran into a bunch of nine elks. There was one good bull, but he was on the other side of the gulch. I stalked him through the bushes and down timber to within one hundred yards. Just as I was getting ready to fire, one of the cows, some thirty yards away, saw me and gave the alarm. As the bunch started off I took a running shot at the bull and wounded him. All the elk ran a short distance and stopped. I sent one shot after them, but nothing happened. Then I followed the trail of the wounded bull until late in the afternoon, when I found [illegible] quite frequently. I ran down from my elevation into the little thicket, thinking he had gone on—and came almost plump upon him. He dashed for me and I blazed away without taking the gun to my shoulder. As I jumped aside he struck at me with his horns. In a moment he was after me again, but clumsily, for his left hind leg was broken. It was hard work dodging the elk and trying to load at the same time, but at last I got a cartridge in and placed a shot that broke his neck."

The Arrival of the Bear

Up to this point Hester and I had not believed there was a bear in the story at all, but there was.

The bear was coming up the gulch leisurely, through the shallows and grass. The bear had seen the boy and the boy hesitated. Perhaps Old Roary would fail to explode the cartridge; perhaps—but remembering that ever since he could toddle he had been looking for a bear, the boy blazed away.

Now, old Len Pollard had told the boy that the only time to fire at a bear is when he is looking away and can't tell where the shot comes from. The boy did his best, but before he got the sight and pulled the trigger, he saw the bear looking straight at him. That shot went through the ribs and liver, but it didn't stop the bear; he came on at a sort of lumbering gallop. Old Roary refused to be loaded again, and the boy said to himself: "If I don't get out of here pretty quick, the folks at camp will never hear about that elk." He started to his feet, and as he did so the bear pitched forward on his nose, and fell. He was dead—dead as the elk.

The boy forgot his bruises and kissed Old Roary and danced with him in the twilight. Then he dressed the bear and struck out for camp, four miles away. And what the boy said when he got there and what All Horse said and what George said you may imagine for yourself.

When Mr. Proctor finished this story we went in and looked at the skin of the bear and the horns of the elk—upstairs the son and heir yelled *bravely*.

"That boy's dreaming of Colorado already," said the sculptor proudly.

—VANCE THOMPSON.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Calling on my aunt, Mrs. Grundy, to-day, I found her considerably exercised over the editorial on Fairy Stories in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

She says that she does not object to Mother Goose, or to Hawthorne's fairy tales retold, or to Kipling, or even to Ruskin's stories for children, though here I noticed she paused a minute.

She dotes on Andersen and fairly chuckles over Grimm's stories unexpurgated, though she would not urge children to read the latter, and would never read or tell them to them. She only looks mildly bored when the children singsong Hiawatha, and she shook with glee when one school class read in concert, with close attention to the blackboard illustration:

At the evening, by his tent door,
Sat the little muddy turtle."

She wants the children to have plenty of pure sugar, especially with their oatmeal. But she would not feed them entirely on nectar, and not at all on cheap, dirty, colored candy, and she objects to the feeble unwholesome, imitation literature (!) that children have been overwhelmed with. She admires Palmer Cox, but is weary of the long train that tags after him.

Fairy tales by people of genius she holds precious, but she says that the children's papers are not crowded by the mark of G[illegible].

"Let geniuses," she says, "write poems and fairy tales, but let commonplace writers give us a rest from twaddle."

Mendon, Massachusetts. MRS. GRUNDY'S NIECE.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Say five years ago a corporation was organized. A year later the company finds that after paying expenses, interest and reasonable dividends on paid-up stock, there is still a fund on hand of $90,000—net profit. The general manager shows the board that this was one of the years when "America has been wearing her old clothes"; that following years promise even better returns; that six cents is reasonable interest on one dollar, that prosperity always follows depression; that $90,000 pays six per cent. interest on $1,500,000, that our plant has increased in real, productive value to the sum of $1,500,000, and should be capitalized to that additional amount. This is duly effected, a dividend of six per cent. declared on this new issue, the books correctly balanced, and the company tells the world of its prosperity, and necessary increase of capital to meet a growing trade.

Here we have a model corporation, but the $1,500,000, which cost nothing, is not all. This capitalization, productive, paying six per cent. dividend in depressed times and promising more in better times, forms a selling and perhaps legal basis for a bond issue of another million dollars, and allows an increase of the business without the investment of a dollar. In fact, they receive $90,000 in cash for taking the $1,500,000 in stock and the $1,000,000 in bonds. With many companies doing this for years, it is no wonder capital has passed into the hands of the few.

New promoters can usually arrange to have sufficient capital stock issued to avoid any troublesome question of method of increase. They can protect the real investor by preferred stock and can usually make the protection ample. Then they can make an outlet for surplus earnings in common stock, but the same principle governs. Every six cents of net earnings shall be a dollar in their hands.

Now the public is inquiring if this method is just, if this stock should be of the value of money. They do not see any individual manipulating funds in this way. The laborer thinks his influence in producing that $90,000 was very direct, and not very liberally paid, and perhaps that this $1,500,000 of stock dollars, if it is dollars, should be his, and then he [illegible] have a factory or mine or store and bond it for $1,000,000, and do [illegible]. He says the capital drew its dividend, the officers good salaries, the bondholders their interest and only his own wage was small, yet that it is so arranged now that he must continue to earn this annuity for all time, and that the grasping of this dollar by the stockholder is an unjust and oppressive scheme.

But the masses of the people, not being in direct contact with the plant like the laborer, are beginning to see the influence of these stock dollars, and to learn their source, and to think their base is taken from them in unnecessary profits. They argue much the same that the capital, dividend, interest, salaries and wages are fully paid, and that they have furnished the net profits out of which this dollar in stock is maintained; that it is in the hands of moneyed men who will make its interest or dividend a perpetual annuity that the public must pay.

Besides this kind of capitalization, the public has furnished the main contributions for many plants; bonds have completed the expenditures; and the public pays dividends on the stock which cost nothing.

If the $1,500,000 stock mentioned above and all like profits are to be maintained as dollars in value, then every employer in proportion to his effectiveness should be a recipient of his share with the capitalist.

Clinton, Missouri. P. B. D.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

If education is a developing of the possibilities which exist in the individual, considered in his threefold nature, physical, mental and moral discontent, as a result, is inconceivable. But if one of the departments of his nature is educated to the exclusion, or even neglect, of the others, or if two of these are developed and the remaining one uneducated, the result may easily be conceived to be discontent. Unbalanced, there cannot be harmony, consequently there must result restlessness and discontent. Whether our system of education is producing this harmony of development is a most serious and interesting question.

If it is a fact that our schools are turning out, as a result of their training, a generation of restless and discontented young men and young women, it is high time to probe our system for the cause.

Oakland, California. MRS. D. S. CURTIS.

Uncle Podhardy's Foot Race

By Hayden Carruth

—"Sic 'em, Midget!" yells Polkberry, and away they went

I WAS frequently told that Mr. Milo Bush had, hidden away in the recesses of his mind, a story about an alleged aged athlete who at a former period was said to have infested the town, and was assured that it was worth my while to draw it from him. This I doubted, not being able to see the positive benefit which I had derived from any of his other tales. Indeed, I had come to look upon him as a man careless of the truth, though it was impossible to doubt that he did not himself fully believe all his stories. If he did not believe them he was a most marvelous actor, for he told them in a frank, simple manner and always as if the hearer were being in some way benefited rather than entertained by the recital. And the thought that the listener might doubt any statement of his never seemed to enter his mind.

So, after hearing from several sources of the ancient gymnast, I decided to face him through Mr. Bush. But this biographer seemed to have forgotten about him; at least, several references on my part to the grandfather in outdoor sports brought no response. This nettled me a little and I decided on a bolder course. One day, when he dropped in to proffer some advice concerning the training of pointer pups (I was not a pointer pup owner and stood in no need of advice on that head), I picked up a newspaper clipping and pasted it on a sheet of copy paper, at the same time observing carelessly that it was an interesting account of how a Connecticut man, eighty-three years old, had walked ten miles on a wager, and that I purposed printing it in my paper. Mr. Bush instantly dropped the vital question of pointer pups, hitched his chair closer and said:

"How old did you say the party might be?"

"Eighty three."

He snorted once or twice and then said: "Well, a man at eighty-three ain't any boy, now, is he? He ain't wot you'd call an infant in arms, eh? He's cut his teeth, *prob'bly*—the *left* of 'em, at least. But I don't see why he should make any *great* fuss about walking ten miles. A man at that age ain't gener'ly very busy—lots of spare time—don't see why he *shouldn't* walk. That's wot he's *for*. Ought to be a law *compelling* any man who has passed his eighty-third birthday to just get right out on the road and *travel*. But the idee of *bragging* about it!"

He paused and for the space of a minute was lost in reflection, then he continued: "Yes, *I* can't see why a man only eighty-three should crow about walking ten miles to the post office, or anywhere else. If he'd *hopped* it, for instance, on one leg, then he might *talk*. I never heard of a man eighty-three hopping ten miles on one leg, nor never seen anybody that ever said *they* had. Don't believe any man eighty-three ever *did* hop that distance on one leg—not at one time, anyhow. Consider'ble hop, *I* should say. Likely to rattle his teeth loose, if he had any. Don't believe old Uncle Podhardy ever done it. Now, *there* was a man—say, I'll just *tell* you about Podhardy, then you'll never need to get took in again with stories about any old gent doing things.

"Old Uncle Podhardy. Lived here in an early day. Had a grandson—*Jeff* Podhardy. Jeff's third wife was Samantha Bugle, widder of old Pete Bugle, who had a pension and never was satisfied with the diseases he had, but was always on the lookout for fresh ones. If you was a doctor and thought up a new disease you could just go right to old Bugle about it and if he didn't have it, he'd *get* it. Just tell him the symptoms and he'd have the disease good and hard inside of a week. Made a specialty of constitootional diseases—got insulted if the Doc told him he had an *organic* disease—said he'd had all them organic diseases 'fore he was ten years old. Says the Doc to him one day in the drug store: 'Old man, wot you've got is prevaricatis.' 'Wot's that?' says Pete. 'Well,' says Doc, 'it's a sort of a *mental* disease shows itself in the talk of the patient mostly. First case on record was Ananias. Ananias had it bad—it finally killed him.' 'Pshaw,' says Pete. 'I was *born* with it. I've doctored for it for thirty years.' 'Well, you ain't cured yet,' says the Doc; 'you've got it chronic.'

"But old Uncle Podhardy never seemed to take to diseases a tall—they didn't *fetch* Pete; he finally slipped up on the ice and come down on his back kerflop and broke his spiral colyum—Uncle Podhardy just went to the other extreme and was always bragging 'bout his blame good health. Said he used to be ailing some till he got to be about eighty, when he sort o' braced up and give his spectacles to a tramp and sent his cane to the furren mission society for the heathen in distant lands, which he heard was going 'round scand'lous, without anything they ought to have.

"The only time Uncle Podhardy was ever under the weather after that was when some of Jeff's girls got it into their heads that he was hurting himself smoking and hid his pipe, and got him a box of anti-nicotine cigars. It was a sad sight to see the old gent setting on the stoop pumping away at them patent cigars, finishing one every ten minutes and reaching for another and raising smoke enough for a brick kiln. But he couldn't get no satisfaction out of 'em, and finally he just laid down on the floor and turned up his toes and wiggled 'em a little—just sort o' fluttered 'em, like that—it would 'a' made you cry to see him—and they sent for the Doc and he come and give him a hypodemocratic injection of about two teaspoonfuls of pure nicotine—*b'iled-down* nicotine—and that sort o' revived him and the girls brought back his pipe, kind o' sniffling and saying, 'Poor old grandpop—here's your dear old pipe,' and he sot up and took it and waved his hand like a play-actor and says he: 'Remove them pestilences hence!' meaning the patent cigars—he was all excited and sort o' talked poetry—and they took 'em away, and the next day the girls unrolled 'em and dyed 'em and used 'em to trim their spring hats; and after that old Uncle Pod never let his pipe out of his mouth—just *anchored* it right there—and kept getting stronger and his health O. K.-er the longer he lived.

"Well, all his life Uncle Podhardy had been a great hand for sport. *Amatoor* sport, that is—no perfessionalism for the old man. 'Wot's the great hope of this country?' he used to say. 'Wot is it that we must depend on to keep us from becoming like them European dinnasties? Our strong, athletic young men, I say. Them must ever stand a mighty bull-work against national decay.' Always ready to tell you just who it was made the highest jump and the streakenest run in any particular year. Could rattle off the winner in the Yale and Harvard foot race for every year since it started. If you wanted to know which college used the London Prize Ring rules and which the Marquis of Queensberry he could tell you, and why, and which was best for a stoodent.

"But Podhardy was always down on perfessional sport. 'This thing of making a business of developing the body and building up the system is all wrong,' he used to say. 'Give me the clean, honest amatoor who is in sport for the love of it. A chance at the purse and the opportunity to place a few side bets ought to satisfy any man—let him leave the gate receipts to them base souls that care for sich.' Economical citizen, the old man was, too—always saved the perlater the grocery man stuck on the spout of his coal-ile can. Used to buy half a can at a time so's to get more pertaters.

"But a thing that worried Podhardy a good deal was that men didn't keep up their exercising and athleticing when they got older. 'Here's a young man works hard and conscientiously in college,' he used to say, 'and gets so he can throw a hammer a mile [illegible] and then when he gets out, wot do we [illegible]. He stops it all and keeps getting fatter [illegible] athletic man he develops into a [illegible] takes five minutes to walk around. Then next thing he knows he keels over with fatty denomination of the heart. How often do you see a man of sixty up on a trapeze hanging by his toes? Alars, too seldom!'

"But the old gent kept up his own exercising. You could see him 'most every morning 'fore breakfast hustling down to the grocery store, his head up and his shoulders throwed back and his coal ile can in his hand. Then he'd come downtown after supper and challenge the young fellers to a broad jump, or a fifty-yard dash, or pitching quates, or something. Many a time he d beat 'em, too. Used to be very fond of jumping up and cracking his heels together—you know how hard it is to hop up and crack your heels twice before you come down. Well, there's no telling how many times he *could* crack his heels, but it was a good many. Crack, crack, crack, it went, just like that, like a boy drawing a lath along on a picket fence. Strong on the running jump, too, and on handsprings, though he quit them mostly after his sickness, 'cause they was apt to make him lose his hold on his pipe, and he never knowed when them girls might be lurking 'round to catch it on the fly and put him on patent cigars again.

"Just before the old man was ninety he hatched up a scheme to mark the event. So, on his birthday he put a challenge in the papers to run a foot race with any other man in the country of his age for $500 a side, quarter-mile dash. It got copied all over and he soon begun to get replies. You'd be surprised to know how many old parties there was that wanted to run, or thought they did. But they was the crankiest lot—all making conditions of some sort. One feller in Michigan wanted ten rods start 'cause he was ninety-four; but Podhardy wrote him that he wouldn't give him one rod the start if he was a hundred and twenty. Then a party in Tennessee said he'd run if the stakes could be made $50,000; but Podhardy wouldn't listen to him. Next an aged citizen of California proposed a start of fifteen rods 'cause he didn't have but one leg, having lost the mate to it in the War of 1812; but Podhardy wrote him a stinging letter and told him he couldn't have an inch the start, not if he'd lost both legs in the Revolution.

"Then a feller in Wisconsin said he'd race if Podhardy would throw off two years, he being only eighty-eight; but Podhardy told him he might arrange a race later on with boys, but that this was strictly a go between men. Next a Pennsylvania man wanted to put up only $100 against Podhardy's $500 'cause he had rheumatiz and asthma; but Podhardy wrote him that this was a foot race and not a field hospital. Then a Georgia man said he'd do it if Podhardy would agree to their both running backward, the backward sprint being his strong holt; but Podhardy told him that this was a race, not a game of lawn-tennis, and he never heard nothing more from the Georgia Reversible.

"Well, it begun to look as if Podhardy wasn't going to get any race a-tall. It run on for three or four months, with fellers finding fault and proposing this and that, when he got a letter from a man in Arkansawr saying he was just ninety and the stakes was all right and the distance sooted him, and everything was lovely and the goose hung high, which tickled Podhardy, 'cause he hadn't heard that observation for forty or fifty years. So he wrote to him and told him to come on and hurrah for Andrew Jackson or Tippecanoe, whichever his politics was.

"Then the feller wrote back and said there was one little condition, after all, though it wa'n't hardly worth mentioning, but he thought everything ought to be fair and square, and no shenanigan, as Aaron Burr used to say; and this was, that owing to defective vision, he always was in the habit of running with his little dorg Midget to lead him and keep him on the track. Hoping this finds you in your 'customed health, I have

the honor to subscribe myself, your obegent servant, the goose being still high, Jabez Washington Polkberry.

"Well, Podhardy was pretty mad and wrote and told him that it was a foot race and not a dorg chase. But the feller wrote back a sort of begging letter, saying it had been the custom since the year one for blind men to be led by little dorgs, and he thought it was pretty hard that he couldn't have no show because he'd been patriotic and got out and fit and helped lick them British and Heszians and bloody Injuns and got his sight damaged. Podhardy needn't be afraid of Midget, 'cause he was gentle and wouldn't hurt a flea, which could be proved, he always having some sound ones on him; and besides, he'd agree to double muzzle the dorg and pay ten dollars if he bit. And then he was Uncle Pod's obegent servant again, with the goose higher than ever.

"Well, this was too much for Podhardy and he give in, and they fixed up the articles of agreement. Polkberry wrote in the section about the dorg:

> "'Whereas, the party of the second part, being defective of vision from handling them British, our natteral enemies, rough at Lundy's Lane, New Orleans, Washington and wherever they showed their Hydray heads dooring the late war, therefore be it resolved, and it hereby is resolved, and made a part of this indenture and instrument, namely, to wit: That he be allowed to be led by his dorg Midget, the said party of the second part being attached to the said dorg Midget by a string, cord, twine or other ligiment, and it being further covenanted and agreed that the said dorg Midget shall be double muzzled to protect the legs of the party of the first part, and his nails clipped.'

"Well, the articles of agreement was signed and the stakes deposited with Judge Peters, of the Orphans' Court, neither of the parties, it appeared on careful investigation, having parents living; and the Judge also agreeing to hold Pod's pipe and watch out for the girls, so everything was ready. The race had been sot for county fair day, and Podhardy went into training and got out on the track every morning and practiced, leaving his ile can behind the fence. Of course we didn't know anything about the other's running, but Podhardy making it every morning a second or two better, and we also being in favor of encouraging home industries, we all got ready to bet on him.

"Polkberry hadn't appeared up to twenty minutes before the time for the race to be called and Podhardy was getting pretty nervous, not wanting to take the race by default. But five minutes later we seen a little old dried-up party wearing big bloo goggles toddling along from the deepot, hold of the arm of a big young feller wearing spurs and a belt with a gun in it which looked as if it had been used at the battle of New Orleans and had been growing ever since. Biggest feller and heftiest personal weepin *I* ever seen. There was a little wad of a dorg tagging along behind and the old gent carried a cane and kept swinging it around; and the feller had a covered basket on his arm big as a bale of hay.

"We seen who it must be, and I, as cheerman of the Reception Committee, went up to him and says I: 'Old man, do I have the honor to address Jabez Washington Polkberry, Esquire?' 'You do, me boy, you do,' squeaks the old gent; 'but, alars! I cannot behold your face, owing to my defective vision, got on them tremenjous battlefields.' 'And who might this party with the artillery be?' says I. 'Lemmy interjuce him—my little great-grandson Frankie,' says he. 'Howdy, Frankie,' says I, reaching up and shaking a hand like a sugar-cured ham; 'wot might you have in the crate, Frankie—cotton bale?' 'Just my baggage,' pipes the old man, 'just

my track fixings—blankets, shoes, toe-weights and such truck. Show us the way to the track, me boy—I must uphold the credit of old Arkansawr.' And about this time we noticed several strangers on the grounds wearing boot-leg mostly, though they had on some gun; and they was all anxious to bet on Polkberry and we 'commodated 'em, it being plain as a pikestaff that he wa'n't in Podhardy's class a-tall as a runner

"'Well, when we'd bet all the money we had we led Polkberry over to the track and he give his cane to the Judge and changed his shoes and took a pull out of a black bottle. Then Podhardy come out and I interjuced 'em. They shook hands, and says the stranger: 'He, he, me boy; glad to meet you at last. I can tell from your grip that you've got the right stuff in you. All ready, me boy! Toe the scratch! Keep off the track! Pity the poor, old, blind man!' And Frankie opened the other side of the basket and the old scoundrel grabbed a piece of rope, and a dog as big as a yearling calf jumped out and come down so he shook the track, his stub tail standing straight up and two muzzles on him made out of bird cages

'Wot—*wot* is that?' yelled Podhardy

'That—*that* is my dorg Midget,' says Polkberry

"'But I thought he was a little dorg!'

"'Them articles don't say nothing about his size. That's my dorg Midget. Get out of the way! Pity the blind man!'

"'But where's that little dorg I seen with you?'

"'Don't know nothing 'bout him. I ain't responsible for stray dorgs that take a notion to foller me.'

"'Fraud! Fraud!' yells Podhardy

"'That's my dorg Midget that I'm to run with,' says Polkberry, calm 'Is it not so nomernated in the bond?'

"Well, you peg-diggled old hippopotamus!' says Podhardy, unable to articulate more

'This is no fit time for personalities,' says Polkberry. 'Clear the track! All ready, Midget!' And all the time little Frankie leaning on the basket, careless like, his hand sort of caressing the butt end of that ordnance.

"'All right—I'll run the old scoundrel! says Podhardy

"'Pity the blind man—sic 'em, Midget! yells Polkberry, and away they went, Podhardy making more gravel fly than he ever made before in his life. But, jimminy-joe! he didn't make enough fly, not by ten tons. That there blame' dorg just put down his head and doubled up and straightened out, and doubled up and straightened out, and that confounded old skeesicks just froze to the rope and touched his toes along on the ground once in a while, merely to steady himself in the air, and poor little Frankie legging it behind, carrying that cannon in one hand and the articles of agreement in the other

'Of course there was nothing for Judge Peters to do but pass the money over to Polkberry, and he counted it, careful, and kicked on one bill 'cause it was counterfeit and got a good one in place of it. And then them two jayhawkers walked away the old gent carrying his cane over his shoulder, and Frankie toting his gun up under his chin, and Midget with his tail p'inted a little forward of straight up. And after we had paid our bets them strangers wandered off, too; and then we happened to think of Podhardy. We looked around and found him lying on his back on the ground, his toes just fluttering feebly

"'Old man,' says I, 'it is done.'

"He still had strength to answer. 'Thou speakest trooth,' says he; 'so am I. Did the Arkansawyer take also my pipe? Was it so nomernated in the bond?'

"We seen that the shock had temporarily upset his mind, so we give him his pipe and carried him to his home."

a dog as big as a yearling calf jumped out

Chestnut Culture

By René Bache

THE growing of chestnuts for market is the newest agricultural industry, and promises to be a source of great profit to the growers who have been far-seeing enough to go into it. Hitherto the chestnut has been regarded in this country as a wild crop, and the notion of improving it by grafting and reducing it to domestication, as it were, is as yet a novelty. Already, however, the cultivated chestnuts are being offered for sale in considerable quantities, and there is a steady demand for them on account of their larger size, and at high prices. Thus the business of producing them has been stimulated, and a good many large groves of grafted trees are now to be found in Pennsylvania and other Eastern States, as well as in California. The soil of Pennsylvania seems to be specially well adapted for this purpose

There never has been any question of the fact that the Yankee chestnut is by far the finest in the world, none of the foreign varieties comparing with it in point of flavor But the latter have a great advantage in respect to size, and for that reason efforts have been made during the last few years to graft the big French marron and the still larger Japanese chestnut upon American stocks. The Japanese chestnut is the largest in the world, being nearly twice as big as the marron. It was introduced into the United States about 1876, and the variety is propagated readily here by planting the nuts. The tree bears early and grafts readily.

Experments in cross-grafting with the marron have been very satisfactory. This variety, which is largely grown in Spain, Italy and Portugal, as well as in France, was introduced originally from Asia Minor into Europe by way of Greece. It is as large as a fair-sized horse-chestnut, but decidedly inferior in flavor to the American chestnut It grows well in this country, and many orchards of marrons are now to be found in the central States along the Atlantic and as far west as the Mississippi River. In fact, the marron will soon become fairly plentiful as a native crop It is not new in this country, having been produced on this side of the water early in the present century.

As yet, of course, the quantity of cultivated chestnuts brought to market is relatively small and they are bought up with such avidity, as one might say, that one rarely sees any of them. However, it is not the marrons or the Japanese nuts that are wanted, but American chestnuts of superior size, whether produced by cross-grafting or otherwise. Wonderful things have been accomplished by cross-fertilizing the marron and native chestnut, using the pollen of one to impregnate the blossoms of the other. At a recent show of the National Pomological Association in Washington nothing excited so much attention as a plate containing four huge open burrs, in each of which were four gigantic chestnuts. These nuts were a cross between the American and the marron. It is coming to be realized that there is as sure a profit in a chestnut grove as in an orchard of apples or pears, and the time will soon arrive when the wild nuts will cut a very small figure in the market. When it is understood that a single tree in full bearing will yield a profit of forty to fifty dollars a year under favorable circumstances, intelligent growers will go into the business

Along a narrow belt in this country, in Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Pennsylvania and the mountains of Virginia, are found wild chestnuts nearly as big as the marron. They are, in fact, as large as small horse-chestnuts, and the reason why one never sees them in the market is obvious, the supply being very limited. Some of them measure as much as an inch and a half in diameter and their flavor is exquisite Grafts from the trees produce admirable results, and it has been strongly recommended by the Department of Agriculture that they be utilized On the other hand, we have a dwarf chestnut called the chinkapin, which is more or less abundant on sandy knolls and hillsides along the Atlantic seaboard from Delaware to Northern Florida and westward across Pennsylvania to eastern Texas. It is small, but very sweet and delicious, and experiments in grafting the European and Japanese varieties upon it have been most successful. Some chinkapins, indeed, are as big as good-sized chestnuts.

In France, where chestnuts are widely grown, they have come to play an important part in the dietaries of the poor. A common way of preparing them is to remove the shells and steam them, when they may be eaten with salt or milk, furnishing a cheap and nutritious food

Thus prepared, they are sold hot in the streets, and form a popular dish for the working classes.

Large quantities of them also are dried and ground to flour, which may be kept for some time without deteriorating. This flour, mixed with water and baked in thin sheets, forms a heavy, but sweet and nutritious cake which is highly esteemed

In Italy the use of chestnuts as an article of food supply is very general. They are eaten as a substitute for corn-meal in the national dish called "polenta"—a form of porridge greatly liked by the poorer people A common delicacy in the Apennines is "necci," which are flat cakes of chestnut flour and water, baked between flat stones.

In Korea the chestnut is said to take almost the place which the potato occupies with us, being consumed raw, boiled, roasted, cooked with meat, or dried whole, as may be preferred by the eaters.

Recently in Italy some very interesting experiments have been made and the results tabulated in regard to the digestive and nutritive properties of chestnuts. One man was fed upon them for several days, taking no other food The conclusion reached was that chestnuts, contrary to the popular impression, are very digestible and one of the most nutritious of food substances. They contain much more starch and much less oil than other kinds of common nuts

Now and then a chestnut twig is found which has a series of burrs all along it, instead of the usual two or three that dangle together. This means that all the blossoms along the "spike" which bears the burrs have been fertilized by the pollen, whereas ordinarily only two or three of them are thus impregnated. Experts of the Department of Agriculture think that if some grafts of this unusual kind of growth can be secured, possibly the producing power of chestnut trees may be multiplied.

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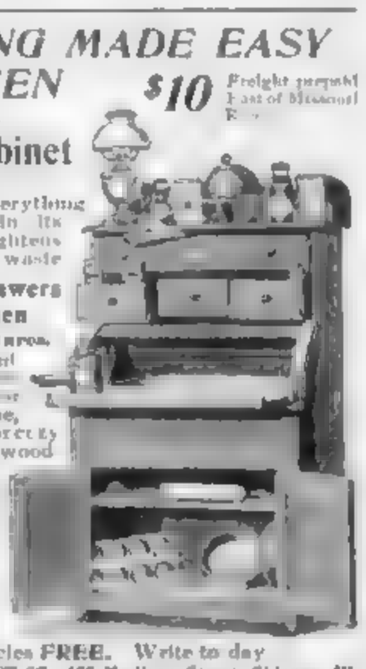

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

THE great Lady Montagu is credited with having said: "It goes far toward reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of marrying one." As clever and bitter a remark as was ever made against my own sex, and one that I am always moved to resent. I feel convinced that even if the witty Montagu could have looked on Page upon her wedding day she would have recanted on the spot, for Page has, during the past week, become the Marquise de Courcelles

After all, I did not have things all my own way as I thought I should at this wedding. I had planned that the cherubic rector of St. John's Church should bless the alliance, but alas! I had reckoned without my host in the shape of the bridegroom himself, for I found that Alain de Courcelles, when he arrived, was determined that the utmost quiet and simplicity should mark the occasion because of his recent bereavement, and, secondly, I had not taken into the account that there would have to be two ceremonies—a civil one and a religious one

But when it came to the wedding breakfast I was in my glory, for it was delightfully select, being made up almost exclusively of the Diplomatic Corps, with a few high dignitaries and officials of the Capital. I got in a few revengeful strokes on some one or two of the smart set by omitting them from the invitation list. As for Jules and the wedding feast, I never saw anything more beautiful than the dishes which he prepared. On the morning of the wedding, at rather an unearthly hour, I noticed Jules, in his peaked white cap, peering very anxiously up at the soft May sky He wore so anxious a look that I feared some dire mishap had befallen him in the way of failure of some one of his masterpieces and that he was invoking the aid of Heaven in consequence I asked quickly

"What are you looking for, Jules? I hope nothing has gone amiss with any of your arrangements?"

"Oh, no, madame; I look at ze sky to see if it haf ze smile Ze day should be wizout ze cloud, like ze Hill of Olympe. It should be happy like ze face of mademoiselle

I was relieved, Jules was merely anxious for the bride to have a fair day, but I wondered what he could possibly know about the Hill of Olympus. I felt, however, that his part in the day would be performed in splendid shape, but I was by no means so sure of Robert or of Cousin Melinda. Robert began the day by waxing sarcastic on the subject of the formality and ceremony to be observed, and I fear that my temper had become a trifle ruffled, for I snapped him into subjection by inviting him to take himself out of the house until he should be wanted. He replied with mock meekness

"I suppose, Agatha, that in inviting me to take myself out of the way you must be working along on the plan of that wise old saw that 'Ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance?'"

I had to smile, but I reminded him that I was not alone in thinking all this despised ceremony necessary. I said severely

"Goldsmith says, Robert, that neither politics nor religion should be divested of ceremony, and that all ranks should be impressed with a sense of subordination, whether it be effected by a diamond buckle, a virtuous edict, a sumptuary law or a glass necklace."

I had scarcely got rid of Robert when I encountered Cousin Melinda, who was inspecting the final work of the decorators who had had possession of the house for twenty four hours. I said enthusiastically

"Isn't everything beautiful?"

"Y-e-s," she replied doubtfully, "but I don't like those outlandish colors being woven into the decorations over there I think they spoil the rest. Anyhow, it is not nearly so handsome as our town hall in Spruce City was the night the Trades Unions gave their banquet to the Mayor."

I was in despair. After all my effort, to be compared to the Trades Union banquet out in Spruce City

But, cousin, that decoration over there which you object to is the tricolor of France This wedding is an international one, and you know that Alain de Courcelles is a descendant of Lafayette. And we all honor Lafayette

You don't say so! If he's really one of the 'Lay-fayette' family why that makes him almost an American But really Agatha, I should much rather have had a big wedding cake built up high, with a sugar candy bride and groom on the top of it, than all those little satin boxes with only a scrap of cake inside. It looks to me kind of skimpy."

However, outside of Robert's and Cousin Melinda's remarks the wedding arrangements met with nothing but praise, and what with the presence of Mr. Cambon, the French Ambassador, and Lord Pauncefote, together with all the other Embassies and Legations and the magnificent flowers from the Executive Mansion, I felt that my social cup was full. In looking back over my arduous season, in which I had worked more hours out of the twenty four and far harder than any day laborer, I felt, in contemplating this crowning effort, that I had succeeded, and that, as the French say, "I had arrived."

When all was over, with every guest departed and the bride gone, I drove over to Fort Myer to see the wonderful exhibition

When you talk about John Tyler Morgan, any way, you are talking about a man in the fullest sense of what the word means

drill by the cavalry stationed there. The President had ordered this special drill in honor of Governor Roosevelt, and the occasion was brilliant in every sense of the word I tried to inveigle Robert into going with me, but no, he pleaded committee work and betook himself back to the Capitol. Truth is, Robert detests my carriages, and I accuse him of being in awe of the coachman and footman. At any rate, he will not drive in state with me, but prefers to jump on and off the democratic street car instead. But if Robert would not go, I at least dragooned Senator P—— into attending me, and thither we drove early in the afternoon. As every one of my Diplomatic guests, together with all the other big-wigs who had been at the wedding, also were guests at this drill, it seemed like a brilliant prolongation of the wedding festivity

We arrived just a little before the Presidential party and long before the guest of honor put in an appearance. Indeed, the Rough Rider Governor was distinctly late coming, and, therefore, some of the ceremony of his greeting had to be dispensed with, but he looked as smiling as possible, though a trifle red in the face as though from undue haste

It must have been considerable satisfaction to him to know that at least during this one afternoon of his stay in Washington he was safe from the political newsmonger. For there could be no possible chance for anybody to take his eyes off the exciting feats going on in the tanbark ring long enough to spy upon him, and to wonder if, after all his denials, he did not have a Vice Presidential boom stowed away in his pocket somewhere out of sight, or whether in his brief, smiling greeting to the President he had not communicated a sort of "Barkis is willin'" state of mind, or that his nod to the Secretary of War or smile to the Honorable Perry Heath did not indicate some deep political understanding.

The exhibition was given in the big drill hall and the guests were received by the commanding officer, Major Kingsbury, and when the President and Mrs. McKinley entered the hall the band struck up that tune of all tunes, Hail to the Chief, which I am convinced could not be pronounced by the most indulgent musical critic to be "little dew drops of celestial melody." If I were the President of the United States I would issue a royal ukase that no band in the military service of the country should ever again strike up a bar of Hail to the Chief, under penalty of death. If a "song will outlive all sermons in the memory," as some one says, why I am sure that this ugly ditty will do the same, though perhaps not for the same cause.

The exhibition drill was simply the most wonderful thing I ever saw. It would make the Cossack and the cowboy seem hopeless clods on horseback. Promptly at the sound of a bugle call the doors were swung open and Troop G, in command of Captain Hardie the celebrated drill master, rode in. They were put through every manœuvre that a soldier is required to know in his training with his horse. There were fancy drills and sword exercise, and this part of the program was concluded with the entire command being drawn up in front of the Commander in Chief with sabres held at salute, which the President responded to by standing with uplifted hat. This was followed by a detachment from Troop I riding in without coats or hats, with blankets in lieu of saddles, and going through the most thrilling feats of mounting and dismounting in full gallop jumping hurdles and almost flying from one horse to another and to the ground and back while the animals were in the air going over obstructions

This exhibition of hurdle-jumping was concluded by the horses jumping in pairs, then by fours, then by eights, and, as a climax, in half troop fronts. One most exciting thing was when a dozen troopers rode to the centre of the tanbark and, making their horses lie down, knelt behind them, the rest of them riding like Indians in a mad circle around them pouring in a hot fusillade of shots

The enthusiasm of the distinguished guests knew no bounds, and Governor Teddy was the most enthusiastic of the whole assemblage. It seemed to me that this tanbark had stretched out into boundless plains and that I was looking upon a veritable attack and repulse. I felt as though I had been through an Indian campaign of thumb nail proportions.

When it was all over the Senator returned with me to town, and I persuaded him to remain and dine with us and talk over with Robert the political situation and the prospects for adjournment. During the talk Robert boasted that so far as the House was concerned, it had its business so well in hand that it could adjourn almost any day

Here the Senator shaking his head I have heard that talk before about early June adjournments, and I am not wholly convinced that Congress will get away before the Philadelphia Convention. I am convinced, however, of one thing, that, should we have to stay here till after the Philadelphia Convention, we Republicans would not be willing in that event to adjourn till after the Kansas City Convention"

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "what wit would there be in staying here into July

Editor's Note—This series will be brought to a conclusion in the next number of The Saturday Evening Post.

WHEATLET
EVERY MORNING
DO YOU?
"But"
Some will say, "I have tried so many of these grits for breakfast"
Have You?
Then you haven't tried Wheatlet. It is not a grit—it's pleasure by the spoonful.
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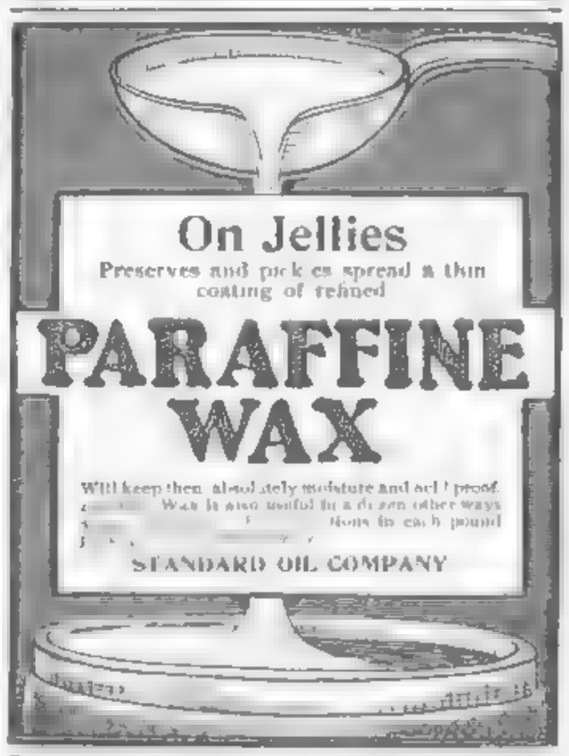

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"Why, Agatha," broke in Robert, "the reason of that would be that we'd want to be sure of what they meant to do at Kansas City, and we might want to assail them by legislation, or offset them in some way, so we should hold on."

"Mercy, what a conscienceless set of schemers you all are!" I exclaimed in disgust.

"Oh, well," laughed the Senator half cynically, "it is a well-known fact that so far as conscience goes in these matters, 'no one has any conscience but the onlooker.'"

"And, by the way, Senator P——," said Robert, "I heard that fine old fellow Senator Morgan, announce very emphatically that he would not attend the Kansas City Convention. He tells me that he never goes to a convention. He considers, he says, that conventions violate one of the very fundamental principles of the Constitution, in that they virtually repeal that very wise provision which looks to the election of our Presidents by a body of chosen electors, very much as Senators are provided to be chosen by the State Legislatures instead of by the people directly. Conventions, he says, by nominating candidates for the Presidency, take away from the electors that freedom of choice which it was the intention to provide, so that instead of the electors choosing the President they merely record the will of the conventions expressed in advance. There is much force in his view," Robert went on, "for look at the present situation. One convention has nominated Debs; another has nominated Barker; another Bryan, and there are yet to be heard from the Democratic Convention the Republican Convention, and Heaven knows how many more, so that, in the immortal query of the Alabama Congressman we are tempted to ask, 'Where are we at?'

"Yes," said the Senator, "there is force in Morgan's statement. When you talk about John Tyler Morgan, any way, you are talking about a man in the fullest sense of what the word means. You know, perhaps that he is a descendant of the last Virginia President, John Tyler? Well, he is a wonder! He is one of the ablest lawyers in the Senate, and as far as an expounder of the Constitution goes he could knock the whole Foreign Relations Committee out with one hand tied behind his back. He is one of the best talkers we have ever had in the Chamber. He is terse, lucid and musical He never pauses for a word but seems always to have the most fitting one ready. When he first came to the Senate, like all Southerners, he had but one viewpoint of the Constitution. After he had been here a while he began to study all the questions that arose from both points of view, from the standpoint of North as well as South. He made an exhaustive study of all our famous Northern statesmen and their methods of thought, with the result that Morgan is a tremendous factor in legislation.

"He is making a gallant fight for this Canal bill, and it was a signal triumph for him to get it out of committee and favorably reported, but he meets powerful opposition."

"Oh, well," replied the Senator, "he's one of those men of whom Emerson speaks, who 'rise refreshed on hearing of a threat, men to whom a crisis which intimidates and paralyzes the majority comes graceful and beloved as a bride.'"

"When is the finale to be reached in the Clark case?" asked I, rather irrelevantly

"Well," said the Senator, "I think we may look for some startling conclusion either one way or another pretty soon."

The Senator when he made this remark did not dream what a sensational denouement was to be sprung in the Senate. On the day that had been appointed for Mr. Chandler to press his resolution declaring Mr. Clark's seat vacant, I went up to the Senate prepared to enjoy a stormy scene, but instead of a scene there was a bolt out of a clear sky—one that left the astute Mr. Chandler completely dumb and outwitted

A spirited contest was evidently expected, for every Senator was at his desk and there was an atmosphere of waiting everywhere apparent. No sooner was the morning hour over than Mr. Clark arose from his desk and began to address the Chair in a quiet, though tense, voice. Scarcely had his first words been uttered when it seemed to me that half the Senators on the floor crossed over to his side of the chamber where they could breathlessly follow his even, quiet words. He began with a vigorous and sharp arraignment of the committee's action and report and followed with an explanation of political and business affairs in Montana, making a complete denial of any and all charges which have been made against him.

His entire address was accorded an eager attention, rare even in the Senate, and throughout Mr. Chandler's face wore a grim and sardonic smile. It was not until Mr Clark reached the closing remarks that he evinced any emotion, and this was when he adverted to his desire to hand down to his children a name untarnished by even the hint of disgrace. There was a pause here in his remarks, and there was a profound hush all over the Chamber, then quickly the Montana Senator resumed his remarks and announced that he had tendered his resignation. This announcement was such a shock that it created a buzz and stir all over the Chamber which drowned the speaker's voice.

Then followed a most remarkable demonstration which seemed to me altogether out of harmony with the supposed opposition to the Senator from Montana, for almost the entire Senate irrespective of party crowded around him, and he was given an ovation such as I never saw accorded to any man in that Chamber before, and the Chair made no effort to control the demonstration. The Senate was only recalled to itself finally by Mr. Chandler's announcement that the resolution relating to Mr. Clark would go over until the next day

But this remarkable political drama was not to end here, for before the Senate had digested this dramatic performance came the news over the wire of the appointment of Mr. Clark to fill the vacancy his own resignation had created. Could anything have been more complete in the way of rout than this to the chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections?

I was talking with Robert and Senator P—— and asked what the Senate could do about it.

"I don't see what we can do; what we shall try to do is another matter, but Chandler will no doubt object to Clark's being sworn in on these new credentials. He will probably have the papers referred to our committee and there try to bury them until the session comes to an end. He will hope by this means to keep Mr. Clark out of the Senate and thus have the last throw of the dice."

"But has he the power? Can he do all this?"

"No, I'm inclined to think he cannot. If Chandler had as ample power to manage the Senate as he has ample will to do, perhaps he could succeed in ousting Clark, but ample will and ample wit won't do it alone. There are several of us, notably Frye and Allison, who think, with me, that Clark has us in a tight place. This *coup* of his was brilliant, and for the life of me I cannot but think we are outwitted and that we would do well to make the best of it."

"Well, for my part," said I, "it seems to me to be only a trick, and in keeping with the whole proceeding from start to finish. It would seem as though a Senatorship nowadays was put up to the highest bidder, and that the old saying is clearly borne out that 'when a king creates an office, Providence at once creates a fool to buy it.'"

The Reward *of the* Systematic

By Oliver Otis Howard

MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. ARMY, RETIRED

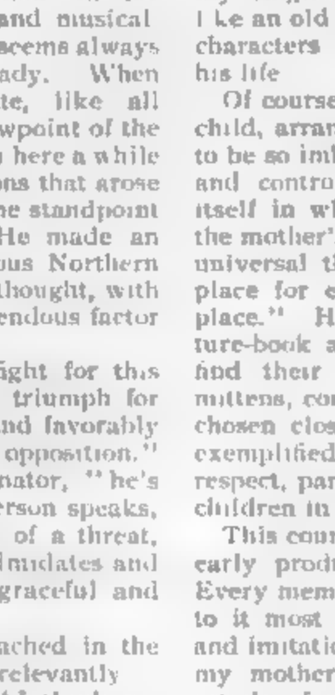
HOW familiar to every New England schoolboy were the lines of Alexander Pope:

"Order is Heav'n's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."

As they were used in our school for paraphrasing and parsing, when as a lad I began my English grammar, they impressed me, like an old proverb by which one of Dickens' characters was accustomed to regulate his life

Of course, it goes without saying that, to a child, arrangement is a most important idea, to be so imbedded in the mind that it works and controls him, till method shall show itself in whatever he undertakes. Perhaps the mother's proverbial phrase is more nearly universal than any other: "My son, have a place for everything and everything in its place." His dog, his hobby-horse, his picture-book and his playthings generally must find their corner by bedtime. The cap, mittens, comforter and shoes ever have their chosen closet. None of us forgets how she exemplified and enforced her lessons in this respect, particularly when there were several children in the same small house.

This course faithfully followed at our house early produced in me a habit of order Every member of our family seemed to come to it most naturally. For my wonderment and imitation, my grandfather, my father and my mother had a place for nearly every article of personal use, and they had neatness and arrangement in all places for the common use of the family. The parlor, the sitting-room, the kitchen, the pantry, the chambers and the cellar were never wanting in an order which was seldom modified or altered. The same principle extended to everything in the barn, the stable and the outbuildings, and, in fact, to the entire farm. The fences, both rail and stone-walls, the gateways and the field bars, as I remember them, seemed to understand the will of the master and kept themselves in prime condition. Herein, I believe, is a secret of New England training—the orderly training of boys and girls. As I now recall the old schoolhouse, there was a like attention on the part of the teacher to the same principle. His own desk, with a variety of books, was always trim, and the scholars were required to be careful of their books and to put them away when not in use.



Captain Hardie, the celebrated [illegible]

At the Military Academy there has always been a strict adherence to the idea of the supreme necessity of order. The body itself, after the arrival of a new cadet, who used to be called a "plebe" or sometimes only a "thing," is taken charge of by some senior official and moulded; the shoulders raised, the chest brought out, the back straightened, the limbs developed and the pace changed. To see him for the first few months a stranger has an idea of a mere automaton. And, indeed, there is soon such a perfection of form and rigidity of posture preserved in sitting and in walking, at all times when the "plebe" is under observance, that an ordinary civilian cannot help laughing at this painful exhibition of discipline; yet that very process in time gives dignity of deportment, fineness of form, strength of muscle and the perfection of health.

In the cadet-room one sees, when inspection is made, a singular regularity and completeness in all the furniture and belongings of the occupants. The mattress is folded at the head of the single bedstead, all washing arrangements present tidiness; each spike knows its accoutrement, and each rack its rifle; the very shoes have arranged themselves in perfect alignment under the foot of the bed, and every article in the open shelves somehow makes itself square with other articles with even edges. Here at the Military Academy there is no elective process It often seems to me that the cadet's head must be primarily divided into just so many compartments, and the appropriate compartment subsequently assigned to a given professor, picked to fill it with his best teaching Order touches the divisions of time and the divisions of labor, mental and physical, and also adheres to all Government processes

The elaborate system which regulates the conduct of cadets by merit and demerit is very remarkable, and bears hard upon them; yet by the use of it wholesome method and effective habits of regularity and order have been secured. Of course, no moral or ethical instruction can absolutely construct an honest or godly man. Each individual soul must deal with his own great Master, and stand or fall according to the approval of an enlightened conscience; yet I think that the regularity of good moral and ethical teaching produces habits of life and conduct in young men which make them really strong, when they choose to step upward from plane to plane. There are such noble characters who are now devoting themselves to our country's service and standing fearlessly on the front line of duty. Some we know have given their lives to maintain the honor of the flag and the integrity of the Republic.

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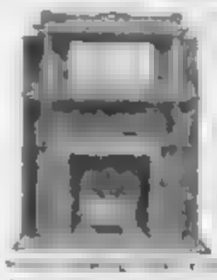

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The Training of a University Crew

By Ralph D. Paine

Yale University Crew '91, '92, '93

SLOW up! Steady, all together—heave! Leave! Watch your feather, Bow; you're behind, Five. Only a few strokes to the finish—show your sand and give her ten good ones. Now—one two—three, heave, steady, four—five—lift her, everybody! V-a-a-s-h!

It is the last pull against time over the four-mile course before the University race.

"Fastest time of the year," the coach whispers to his assistant. "Within twenty seconds of the record. They'll do!"

Three days later another four mile pull brings victory, perhaps, and reward for infinite toil. This is the only part of the rowing man's career of which the public sees anything—this brilliant and fleeting climax of a half year's daily grind and sacrifice.

Nine Months' Work for Twenty Minutes' Racing

A championship University eight is the most perfect exhibition of trained muscular skill and delicacy, with complete harmony of interaction, evolved in the stress of athletic competition. The preparation for the twenty minutes of racing in June begins in the previous autumn with light rowing and exercise for veterans and recruits. The "heavy work" for the season does not start until the term opens early in January.

The squad which responds to the first call of the captain is oddly assorted. The old men who will form the nucleus of the eight have a distinctive swagger that is the despair of the novice. Next in point of promise are the members of the Freshman crew of the year before, from which some good material is usually hammered out. There are "hangovers" who have tried before, and many green candidates altogether in the rough. Saddest sight to a knowing observer is the crowd of Freshmen, sublime in their optimism, who "intend to make the crew for the sake of the folks." They come in all sizes, some of them so willowy that when pronounced too light to row they promptly try for the coxswainship, determined to be somewhere in the race.

The first week of training is a rheumatic nightmare even to the old men. Relaxed muscles stiffen and seem to warp in hard knots after long disuse. The work is therefore increased gradually until, at the end of the first fortnight, the daily program leaves tender Freshmen hanging exhausted over the fences of distant countrysides. The squad reports at four o'clock in the afternoon, and bounds out from the gymnasium in sweaters, rowing tights, long stockings and easy shoes, for a run of from four to eight miles. Out into the country the long line winds at a brisk trot, until the bracing air becomes precious to the laggards whose lungs are hard pressed. Usually one or two broad beamed youths whom Nature did not build for running, trail rearward, amid prodigious puffing, grunting and stumbling. A few of these spins weed out the weaklings without need of mandate from the captain.

Preparation in the Gym and in the Tank

The squad returns to the gymnasium damp and wilted. A larger measure of anguish is in store for them. Now comes a series of calisthenic exercises for developing the arms, back and legs. With arms above the head, the men bend back, *à la* serpentine, and then forward, bringing the hands down until they touch the floor without bending the knees. This is a sometime feat in parlor entertaining, but try it, if you please, seventy-five times, as fast as you can, after a little jog of half a dozen miles with the bulk of your work ahead of you. Next, stand erect and squat as low as possible, straighten again, down and up, forty times the minute for two minutes.

If you still thirst for work, lie on the floor with your hands clasped beneath you, and, keeping the legs straight, raise them to the perpendicular and let them down again as many times as the foregoing schedule calls for.

All this is by way of preparation for the daily row in the tank, which as an instrument of torture should be shown with the Nuremburg relics. In this contrivance the boat is stationary, and the water is rowed past. A similar effect of never getting anywhere after tremendous effort may be gained by heaving lustily at one's boot straps.

The tank is divided in the middle by a narrow box rigged with eight outriggers and sliding seats, and is almost surrounded by about two feet of extraordinary dense water which is forced round and round by the sweep of the oars. The blades are whittled down and a small section cut out of them to lessen the heavy drag of the water. A very slow stroke must be rowed because of this resistance, and only the foundation principles of blade, body and slide work can be taught by this makeshift which would move a galley-slave driver to pity.

A remarkable improvement was one day noticed in the rowing of a sluggish Freshman candidate. He tore his oar through the water of the tank with such amazing dash and vigor that he seemed always to be several strokes ahead of his laboring fellows. Investigation revealed that the intelligent tyro had sought the tank under cover of darkness and whittled out the hole in his oar blade until he might as well have been rowing with a picture frame.

An Impromptu Tank Drama

For two days of the Junior Promenade week at Yale the rowing-tank room is crowded with "Prom" girls and their escorts. This causes an alarming expansion of chest measure among the proud and callow neophytes, but the veteran assumes to be bored by this intrusion into business hours. So closely were the visitors packed along the unguarded edge, one afternoon, that a Washington belle was crowded into the surging waters. The oarsmen had often debated their course of action in the event of such a catastrophe. They arose, as one man, clasped their hands above their heads and dove fearlessly into the depths, two feet in the deepest soundings. They accomplished a multitudinous and thoroughly dramatic rescue, and furnished a genuine "tank drama."

That the afternoon's work of the early season is severe is shown by the losses in weight. In the two and a half hours of daily exercise the average loss is four pounds, and I have known men to drop seven pounds in this short time. Food and sleep return nearly all of this weight within twenty-four hours—a remarkable example of Nature's recuperative powers. Even after six months of arduous training, when men are supposed to have reached the limit of "fineness," contestants in the four-mile race will drop three and four pounds within a little more than twenty minutes of the heart-breaking struggle.

When the ice leaves the river or harbor late in February, the long runs and the indoor toil are done and the heavy working barge is taken out. The first day on the water marks an epoch in the annals of the season. More than likely the wind is freezing cold, and the spray turns to ice whenever it strikes oar, brace or bare, red knees. The coach, bundled in sweaters into the semblance of a Polar bear, sits in the coxswain's seat, and the eight men who are picked as the "first crew" pull the barge for two or three miles, making rather bad work of it after their practice in the staid and pacific tank.

Perhaps, as has happened more than once, a submerged oyster stake rips the boat's bottom, and the shivering castaways have to shoulder their oars, splash ashore, breaking the thin ice beyond the channel and run miles to the boathouse. But one seldom catches cold at this sort of matinée, and it is rather jolly to talk about after a brisk rubdown.

The Beginning of Social Life for the Squad

With the first of March the training-table is started. For the next four months the men must not eat or drink anything at any time except at the table, smoking is barred, and bedtime is ten thirty o'clock. The fare is no longer raw beef and dry bread as in the old and barbarous days, but a pleasant variety of wholesome food is provided in astonishing quantities. The social life of the season begins with the training-table. A dozen thoroughly manly fellows, the pick of a great University for intelligence, pluck and strength, thrown intimately together, and bound by the strongest ties of common toil and a common aim, cannot fail to get much that is good and pleasant out of such intercourse.

As soon as the sluggish barge is exchanged for the skittish racing shell, every stroke counts for the race. The old coaches begin to flock back and perch on the bow of the swift launch every afternoon, rain or shine, calm or blow. The pleasure of rowing is first tasted in these balmy spring days. Often the shell does not leave the boathouse until the wind dies with the sun, and the oarsmen stretch out on the float and doze and tan and lazily talk shop, superbly content in the perfection of physical fitness.

To coax the fractious creature of a shell to be steady on its bottom is no slight task in itself. This frail dish is sixty feet long and only twenty-four inches wide, and the most delicate handling is required of the twelve-foot oars and the eight heavy and continually shifting bodies to bring harmony and speed. There are sixty odd things one can do wrong in rowing one stroke, and the wobble of a knee, the "cocking" of a blade or the slightest break in time will destroy the rhythm of the swing or cripple the stride. Rowing has been compared in delicacy of touch and harmony of action to the response of a well trained orchestra to the baton of the leader.

The Appearance of the Rival Crew at Red Top

May slips into June and the crew and coaches with a household brigade of cooks, waiters and followers migrate to New London and the Thames, the battleground of glorious history. Three weeks remain before the race, and the crimson flag flies from the Harvard quarters at Red Top, while the blue banner of Yale ripples defiance over the cottage at Gales Ferry. One day's routine is like the others. "Ha' pas' six, Captain," shouts the darky waiter in the first room he enters. "Ha' pas' six, number achhen," in the next, and so on until the heavy-headed household is in action. In ten minutes the cheery voice of the captain calls, "All ready," and in white flannels and sweaters the squad tumbles out into the cool, sweet air of the early June morning.

As they stride up the country road the joy of living comes to them in the bracing draughts of morning air and the pervasive vigor of their condition; brain cleared of cobwebs, muscles that stand out clean and beautiful under skins burnt black, and young blood running free after ten hours of dreamless slumber. For two miles the captain leads the way and back to the quarters and breakfast.

The eight gets out late in the forenoon, and again in the cool of the late afternoon. Several years ago this was accomplished only after manœuvring so that the substitutes of the rival crew might not dog the practice with stop-watches and field-glasses, it being their business to scurry madly in chase in a pair-oar shell, like gigantic water-spiders. A masterly stroke of strategy occasionally baffled this espionage, now sensibly discarded.

One afternoon, I remember, the Yale Freshmen were dressed in "Y." or University jerseys, and caps, and sent over the first mile of the course. The Crimson "subs" chased them furiously while the bona fide University eight sneaked up river and round measured distances unnoticed. During that same week the Yale coaches were anxious to send the crew over the four-mile course without allowing Harvard to catch the time. The conditions were perfect late in the day, but the substitutes from Red Top lay off Gales Ferry and calmly waited for the enemy. At the usual hour the dark blue crew swung its shell into the water and pulled up the river, away from the course. At an easy stroke they jogged for two miles and down again, then paddled up to the float and carried the shell into the boathouse. Presently a string of unclothed athletes ran to the edge of the float, jumped overboard, splashed buckets of water over one another and ostentatiously fought for bath towels. The captain sung out, "Hurry up for supper, fellows," and the spies paddled down to Red Top and put up their boat. Half an hour later the Yale shell shot out across the river into the shadows of the other shore, and

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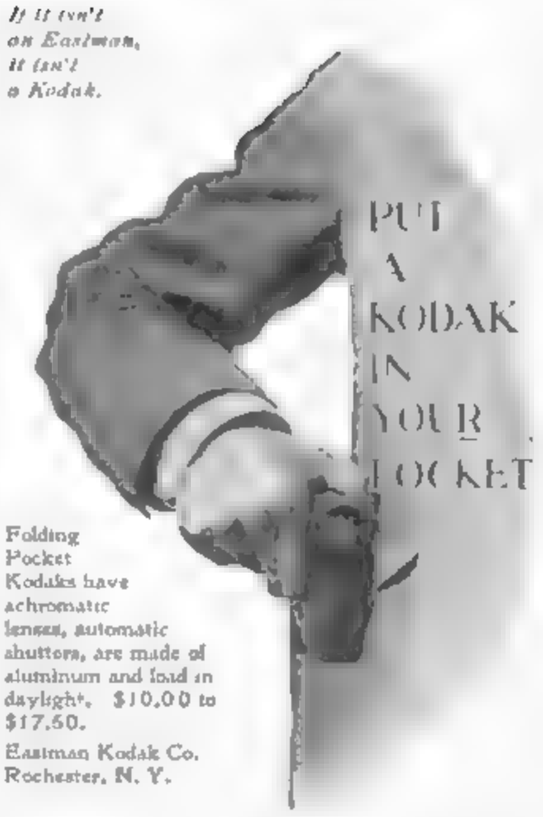

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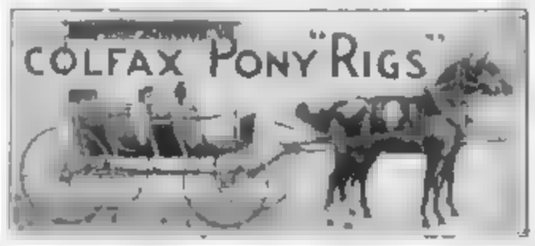

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Mr. W. A. Fraser has written for summer numbers of the magazine a series of most engaging stories of Rod, the Boy, and his friends, the fur-bearing animals of the Northwest. Mr. Fraser knows these dwellers of the forest better than most city folk know their next-door neighbors, and he introduces into his stories a vast mass of entertaining and little-known beast-lore. He explains why Umisk, the Beaver, sleeps with his tail in the water; the habits of Whiskey Jack (whose nest no man ever found); the misfortunes of the Red Widow, and how Pisew, the Lynx, went to the bad.

Condensed Novels

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Many years ago Bret Harte wrote a series of stories which he called "condensed novels"—humorous tales, in which he burlesqued the style, mannerisms and peculiarities of the authors of the day. Mr. Harte has just completed a new series of these inimitably funny literary caricatures. Admirers of Doctor Doyle should not fail to read the adventures of Hemlock Jones in his quest of The Stolen Cigar-Case; and those who are fond of Mr. Kipling will find pleasure in Bret Harte's Stories Three; tales of Moo Kow, the Cow; Puskat, the warmth-loving one; the Stalkies, and the adventures of Bleareyed, Otherwise and Mulledwiney. In Rudolph, the Resembler, the astute reader will find a new version of Anthony Hope's most popular story, and will understand how much more complicated it might have been had there been three kings instead of only two.

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was off down the course for the fastest time of the season, without evoking a sign of life at the Harvard quarters.

The Machine in Action When the boat is running well the satisfaction of rowing is profound in these finishing days. The eight blades flash out of the water so that, from behind, only one oar can be seen on either side. They go back, fast at first, then coming slowly down to the water until, with the lightning lift of shoulder and arm, they grip the water clean and sharp, while eight backs swing up as one, and eight pairs of lunging thighs finish out the power of the stroke. The handles come in easily and gracefully with the bending of the arm, then shoot away with instant speed. The backs sway forward ever rhythmically, the slides start with the quick jerk of the toes, and then slow down, until, just as arms and back are getting ready for the next stroke, this mass of fourteen hundred weight stops and starts back so carefully that the sensitive shell feels no shock, and shoots along between strokes without stop or jar. Thirty-four times a minute these eight men combine the terrific lift and heave, this delicate finish, lightning recover, and slow, careful slide action all as one harmonious mechanism. It is the poetry of motion.

Nine o'clock at night is welcomed in the quarters. At the captain's "all ready" the white clad company files into the road and stalks spectre-fashion into the country for the bedtime walk of a mile. The night air, laden with the odors of hay-fields and hedge roses, is a wonderful sleeping potion. These last weeks pass swiftly with much hard work, and much that is very pleasant to live and remember, until the last night in quarters looms as an event solemn and tragic.

The Restless Night Before the Big Race There is an unwonted quietude about the house and the men are absent-minded and restless. Even the veteran of three races tosses through an age before sleep comes, and wakens frequently. The man who must row his first race goes over every mile of the struggle again and again, until he is in a fever, and sleeps only by fits and starts. The race is to be rowed at five in the afternoon, and through the interminable day the victims try to read, decide the race by throwing dice, and play "penny ante" with feverish absorption. After luncheon the coaches go to New London to board steamers for the race and the quarters seem deserted.

At half-past four, the thin-faced, bright-eyed athletes are dressed, or rather undressed, sitting in a bunch on the float, waiting for the whistle of the referee's boat over at the start. They are not so nervous now, and sing Jolly Boating Weather until the captain tells them to save their wind.

The racing shell, which has been used only three times in practice, its bottom pot-leaded, is brought out, after the three shrill and fateful toots from the distant yacht. The stern young captain calls his men into the boat-house and says simply:

"If you are licked, I want you to know that I feel every man has done his best—you can't do any more. Get your oars."

Here all is still, and country and river seem asleep, while three miles down the stream thirty thousand people wait tumultuously to see this wisp of a shell.

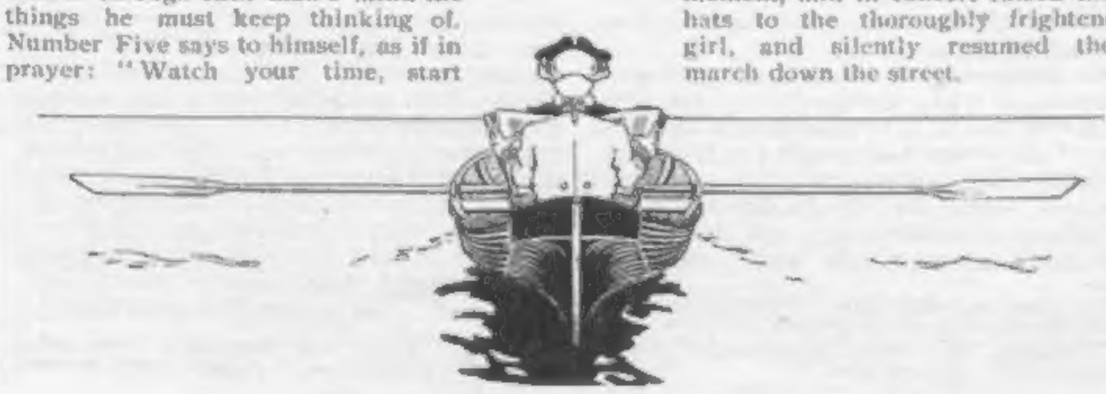
There is the familiar swing and power to the stroke as the eight pulls easily over to the start, and this inspires nerve and confidence, until they paddle alongside their rivals at the stake-boat and see for the first time that they look formidably strong and businesslike. One glance at the knotted muscles and bulky bodies of the foemen, and the gorgeous observation train unwinds its clamorous length abreast of the waiting crews. Another glimpse aside, and the referee from his yacht shouts, "Harvard, are you ready?" and roars the same question to the tense and straining men from New Haven. There is no reply, and there flashes through each man's mind the things he must keep thinking of. Number Five says to himself, as if in prayer: "Watch your time, start your slide and keep your blade down," and then comes the start.

Swinging Into the Winning Stroke There is a frantic plunge and showers of spray as the oars desperately dig, dig, and the two shells lunge in startled flight down that gleaming four miles that is the end of it all. The men are undergoing little of the complicated mental gymnastics sometimes credited to the oarsmen in the crisis time. Each has his eyes on the neck of the man in front of him, and in his head is drumming the refrain of the faults that he must watch every stroke as, "slow, slow, heave, heave, hands out quicker, don't drop over."

After the first twenty strokes Number Five can see out of the tail of his eye the coxswain of the other crew dropping back; the eight swaying backs come in range one by one and Number Five knows that his boat is a length ahead when the first mile flag flashes by. The lead is increased, the faster crew is going like clockwork, and at the Navy Yard dock, half way down the course, there is enough open water in front of that other toothpick prow to make the leaders think of victory. Rowing is a matter of instinct now, as the shell flies through the long lane of yachts and where the thunder of cannon and the fog of low drifting smoke seem to threaten annihilation to the heroes of the hour.

Praise to the Winners—Credit to the Losers Aching backs are forgotten; Number Five begins to think of the speech he must make at the campus celebration in the evening; he is keenly conscious that he never felt so happy in his life, meantime pulling like a demon. The word is passed from stern to bow to raise the stroke for the final spurt, and up it goes. "Vast," yells the coxswain, as the pier of the railroad bridge flies by and eight half-naked, dripping, crazy young men turn and hug each other, shouting in hoarse gasps, and nearly upset the shell. The victors alone wait to cheer the splendid pluck of the beaten crew, which staggers across the line, and then, broken-hearted, cheers the conquerors in the pitiful ghost of their college slogan. Then they creep back up the Thames to their quarters, to sob in their bitter grief and disappointment, where they can be alone. Joy so keen and sorrow so bitter while they endure do not often come to young men.

But vanquished as well as victor have gained a measure of mental, moral and physical benefit which will stand them in staunch service when dead languages and tortuous mathematics are consigned to the limbo of memory.



A Football Incident in New York

MR. FRANK W. GRAVES, during his newspaper career, witnessed many singular scenes, but the oddest one happened, according to Mr. Graves, in the old days when the big college football teams played their star games on the New York polo grounds on Thanksgiving Day.

On the occasion mentioned Yale and Princeton had played and Yale had won.

Going up Broadway, there walked a dapper young Princeton man and a girl. Going down Broadway at the same moment were eight victorious young Yale men. They were happy, but silent, and they came straight down the street until they spied the Princeton pair.

Then still in silence, moved by a single purpose, the Yale men formed a circle, and as the other pedestrians made way for them they went around and around the Princeton pair. At first the young man was surprised, then angered, and at last he raised his cane and made a dash for liberty, whereupon the Yale men stopped and, without a word, fell upon him as they do in football, quietly, heavily and quickly.

Then, straightening themselves again into a line, the eight Yalesians stopped a moment, and in concert raised their hats to the thoroughly frightened girl, and silently resumed their march down the street.

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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

The Bewitched Fiddle*

Mr. Seumas MacManus, who has wisely determined to make hay while the sun of favor is shining warmly upon him, has published a third volume of stories, a very little volume this time of very little stories, mere sketches most of them, trifling yet never insignificant. In his search for material—which may perhaps be running low—he has utilized scraps of folk-lore, old fables, which in various forms have been handed down to us through many generations, and thrice-told tales, like that of the uneaten dinners which were paid for by the jingling of coins. Once, and once only, Mr. MacManus attempts a tale of Irish-American life in New York, and this is the manifest failure of the book. With all the patience in the world, we are growing pardonably weary of variations upon The Christmas Carol. That immortal narrative has begotten a progeny as inexhaustible as the Nile gods. The swift conversion of a hard-hearted miser into a genial and generous sentimentalist is a theme of which writers never weary, and one which they apparently deem true to life and experience. Mr. MacManus believes that the sight of a "ten-cent" Irish flag on St. Patrick's day can change the current of a man's nature and force it into broader channels; but even the Celtic nature—more plastic than the Saxon—has hardened at fifty-three and cannot be so easily remoulded. It took more than a flag and a procession to convert old Scrooge, and we never felt sure of him.

The best stories in the book are those which give us glimpses into sleepy little Irish towns where life drones pleasantly along, unvexed by the tyranny of progress. Aughnadhrin is ideal in its way. What a wealth of leisure belongs to the loungers in its market-place! Every Saturday Mrs. Dolan, of the Long Bog, brings thither her four hens—"two muffies, a marley and a spreckly"; and every Saturday she carries them back again, nobody in Aughnadhrin dreaming of such extravagant purchases. Thus the "fowl-market" is firmly established and lends an air of bustling prosperity to the town. There is even an attempt at competition, for one fine morning Pathrick Blake, of Corabbon, offers three of his wife's chickens for sale. "But Mrs. Dolan heaped upon him such bitter reproaches for a 'low, mane, undermin' villain, who'd come and fetch in his dhirty chickens without any other rhyme or raison than to do a shrugglin' poor woman out of her rights,' that poor Pathrick was shamed into quitting the town with more speed and a lower head than when he came in; and after that Mrs. Dolan had the entire trade of the fowl-market all to herself, the two muffies, and the marley and the spreckly."

With such a background at his command, how can Mr. MacManus be so unwise as ever to locate a story in New York?

Passengers†

Readers averse to realism and to the commonplace veracities of life cannot do better than peruse Mr. Myles Hemenway's Passengers. Here is a book guiltless, not only of probabilities but of possibilities, a book wholly wedded to the unnatural and bizarre. There are two stories in the volume; the first dealing with a fisherman prophet who preaches the coming of the judgment day; and the second with a mysterious and beautiful creature named April, for love of whom men drown themselves like flies, or kill each other with less compunction than wild beasts. In the first tale, the prophet, finding that he has miscalculated his date, sails away with Margaret Holme; in the second the fair April, having proved herself as disastrous as Helen of Troy, is slain accidentally by her husband, to his infinite distress and self-reproach.

Mr. Hemenway worships at the shrine of femininity. "Any woman," he says, "is interesting"—he is to be envied his experience; "the veriest hag, gnawed by the rough tooth of time, moves us like a play." Margaret Holme, the wife of a drunken sailor in Doomsday, is fair as a dream; but April! well, April is just a trifle beyond credence. Born and bred on a lonely island, amid rude fisherfolk, she wears flowing garments of white or blue held in place by a silken cord, while the masses of her ruddy hair are bound by a golden fillet, "cunningly fashioned, its mystical whorls bursting into a rosy blossom of fires in the single great stone of which it was the setting." That she is the "far-away daughter of courts" is held to be sufficient explanation both of her wonderful beauty and of her wonderful clothes. Appreciating this fine fact, her husband buys her velvets and silks and laces, and "a great rope of jewels" that can be wound around and around her slender body. It is all so exceedingly like a fairy-tale that we feel no surprise when the fishermen stab each other and the sailors fling themselves into the sea, out of "unutterable and hopeless longing." In fact, only the death of April can prevent her from depopulating the earth, so that the greater good of the greater number requires her lamentable decease. "You who read this may think me distraught," says the writer of this singular story, and possibly he is right.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

Salons Colonial and Republican*

The nation never has known so charming a feminine personality as that of Dolly Madison; or at least it has never been willing to acknowledge one. The mention of her name calls up all that is graceful, thoughtful, simple-minded, well-mannered and kind-hearted—an epitome of the hostess.

From her position it was in the nature of things that Dolly Madison could never, accurately speaking, hold a salon. Yet, in another sense, she held the only salon that this country has known. The salon was distinctly something more than a gathering, at stated or casual intervals as the case might be, of brilliant talkers and clever amateurs of the arts. It held, in the apogee of its brilliance as it shone in the Hotel de Rambouillet, a national significance. It moulded the taste of a country and fixed the standards of literature for two centuries. Even in its later extravagances and the follies of its imitators, it was the theme of a masterpiece—Les Précieuses Ridicules.

Such a salon has never been known in this country or in England. The literary dogma and dicta which went forth from the Mermaid and the Mitre were of far more weight and far wider flight than those which emanated from the circle of Lady Montagu and the other intimates of the Blue Stocking Club. Neither Ben Jonson nor Samuel Johnson, the two men who exercised the strongest influence upon English letters, was of a cast to fit gracefully into drawing-room niches. That they went and came or stayed away, to and from Lady Montagu's and Mrs. Thrales' in Streatham, is neither here nor there. Such literary pilgrimages neither shaped nor determined their tastes. They afforded them an opportunity to get off clever speeches.

Now, Dolly Madison gained and held some such a national sway in matters social as the Hotel de Rambouillet wielded over matters grammatical and æsthetic. She made the nearest approach to those qualities which the leader of the salon must have. Accordingly, it is in nowise surprising to find that Miss Wharton acknowledges that among those suggestions which prompted the writing of her book was the meeting with several persons "who distinctly remembered Mrs. Madison—the delightful Dolly." That the Colonial salons antedated the delightful Dolly, and hence that all association with them must be through a retrogressive and not an advancing sequence; also, as has been pointed out, that Mrs. Madison never could have held a salon in the strict sense of the word, only serves to clinch the points just made.

No, in America we have never had salons. Scattered spots of culture and interest in culture we have had. In the early Colonial society, and in all that it held of simplicity and dignity, there has been a widespread, a deep-seated and growing interest. Miss Wharton to her own knowledge adds the recollections of many with whom she has talked who could still recall incidents from a fast fading century. She writes intimately and clearly—can more be said of a prose style?—what is fairly a résumé of the manners of the nineteenth century.—*Thornton Sherburne Hardy.*

*The Bewitched Fiddle, and Other Irish Tales. By Seumas MacManus. *Doubleday & McClure Co.*

†Passengers. By Myles Hemenway. *Small, Maynard & Co., Incorporated.*

*Salons Colonial and Republican. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

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Literary Folk as they Come and Go

It may be very pleasant sometimes for a literary man to be made the hero of his friend's book, but if that book is successful and if it appeals to a different class of readers from those of the hero's own work, the results are not so agreeable. This is what has happened to William Butler Yeats, familiarly known as the "Irish Poet," who is supposed to be the original of Ulick Dean, in George Moore's novel, Evelyn Innes.

The novelist is of the ultra-realistic school and has well been named the English Zola. The poet, on the other hand, is a man of fine ideals and great delicacy of thought and expression. The secret leaked out and Mr. Moore's readers became seized with a burning desire to see the hero of the story. Mr. Yeats' readers, a much smaller circle, also heard about it, and came to the conclusion that their poet must be leading a double intellectual life. For some time now Mr. Yeats has been burdened by calls, letters, and by comments of all kinds in the daily press.

Henry James' Method of Work

Mr. Henry James is rarely seen in London nowadays, and the occasional visit which he pays to that city is an event in literary society. The amusements of the town have no great charm for him, and he has come to a point where his own work and the creatures of his imagination are more attractive than the chatter of London. Technically, Mr. James may still be called a resident of the capital city, but his flat is usually unoccupied or lent to some friend.

Lamb House at Rye is his real home. Rye is a quaint little walled town, perched on a hill and full of curious old brick and half-timbered houses. It was formerly one of the Cinque Ports, but the sea has receded and Rye sits on her hill by a little tidewater river, with long stretches of marsh between her and the channel. Lamb House is perhaps the most important house of the little city, yet it is only a modest establishment. An eighteenth century brick house of exquisitely simple architecture, its paneled rooms have been filled by its owner with the most carefully chosen old furniture, old pictures and old china. To some the place might seem sparsely furnished, but the most rigidly artistic house decorator would say that not one thing is wrong and that Lamb House is an almost perfect dwelling. There is a sunny garden surrounded by high brick walls and covered with the thick turf which is only found in the south of England.

Mr. James is a hard and regular worker and the best part of his day is spent in his study. It is interesting to know that Mr. James dictates all his work to a secretary, and rewrites and polishes it from a typewritten version. Considering how involved and periodic Mr. James' style has become of late years, it is marvelous that he should be able to dictate—or is, perhaps, the dictation the cause of the quality of the style? Life in Rye must, at best, be placid. Mr. James explores the country on a bicycle, geared low, takes tea at the golf club, or walks through the town. He does not play golf on the links on the downs, nor does he join in the clatter with which the Rye Harriers occasionally rouse the sleepy town as they start forth.

A New Biography of Ruskin

There is to be a new biography of Ruskin. Collingwood, his secretary, put together a tolerably interesting book; but its limitations were obvious. The style is—well, T. P. O'Connor at his most journalistic, and the contents are very deficient, especially as regards the earlier and middle periods of Ruskin's career before Collingwood knew him. How to find a new biographer? The difficulty is all the greater because any English contemporary of Ruskin is too old for the task, as is also Professor Charles Eliot Norton. The Professor's colleague as a literary executor is Mr. Wedderburn, a lawyer who shares the common disability of his profession—he cannot write. Though he who drives fat oxen need not himself be fat, it is certain that he who writes of Ruskin must have a pretty style.

Then, as to the proprieties of what to publish and what to suppress, great difficulties are in store for Ruskin's biographer. That miserable marriage of his, which he endured for several years, challenges explanations hitherto withheld. Ruskin's own version of it, as told to an intimate friend, was very simple. He said that he and the lady entered upon a platonic union, from which she receded, and he, disappointed by the association in every other respect, gladly let her go.

Ruskin, seared as he was, did not, with that, kill all thought of matrimony. Two proposals were made by him in later years, both to very young girls. "Rosie," to whom he consecrates a chapter of memories and sighs in Præterita, was, in fact, only a little girl when she met "the master." The withheld surname of the girl is La Touche; she was of an Irish family that numbered Ruskin among its friends. The attachment brought only unhappiness, and the girl, torn by religious scruples, lost her balance of mind and so died. The estrangement that followed between Ruskin and her family was afterward repaired, and to Rose La Touche's mother he addressed, perhaps, his most extended and important series of letters, all of which have been religiously preserved.

The Splendor of Gilbert Parker

An agent for an American publishing house called, not long ago, upon Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist, at his house in St. James Place, London. Mr. Parker makes a handsome income from his writings, and his wife has a fortune in her own name. They live in one of the aristocratic parts of London, in an imposing house. None of these things, however, ruffled the agent. He had dealt with authors before on both sides of the Atlantic and he knew many publishers who were even richer. Therefore, in setting out for Mr. Parker's house, he wore his ordinary business clothes, and in spite of the cloudiness of the day carried no umbrella. When he reached the house and ascended the marble steps that led to the glass doors he looked around him for the bell, but before he could find it, two flunkies, immaculate as to dress, immovable as to form and impassive as to face, stood like statues holding the doors apart.

With this ceremony he was ushered into a tiled vestibule at the farther end of which were more glass doors. Here, again, he paused for the electric button. But, as before, two more flunkies, cast in the same mould and clad in the same style, opened the doors for him to enter. This time he was in a handsome hall from which more doors opened upon drawing-rooms and studies. Here another and a very superior flunky met him, asked him what his errand was and took him into Mr. Parker's reception-room.

Now, this agent had called to bid for the novelist's forthcoming book. He was prepared to offer a pretty stiff figure for the same, but when he reflected that Mr. Parker wrote only one book a year, that he lived in an expensive part of London, and that five flunkies were expensive to maintain, he made up his mind that he could not afford to pay what, in accordance, he believed would be Mr. Parker's price.

Presently the author appeared, and after a pleasant chat, chiefly social in character and devoted largely to current British topics, he started to leave. Mr. Parker bade him adieu at the reception-room door. There the superior flunky took him in hand and led him to the first doors. At this point the first pair of statues received him. At the outer door stood the other pair, apparently just as they were a half hour before.

As he stepped on the outer stairs he noticed that it had begun to rain and he carefully rolled up the bottoms of his trousers. This took him a trifle longer than usual, for he was unaccustomed to London weather, and, happening to glance backward out of the tail of his eye, he saw the two flunkies, stiff as stone, with the doors wide open just as he had left them.

Then it dawned on him that it was London etiquette for flunkies to stand at "present arms" until the caller had reached the street. So he hastily descended the flight and lost himself in the crowd. As he reached the last step the flunkies vanished, the doors came to, and the Parker house resumed its natural order.

Two days later the agent summoned courage to make Mr. Parker an offer for his book by mail.

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Side Lights on Senator Hanna

Senator Hanna's health is subject to the most marvelous fluctuations—in the newspapers. Stories have appeared representing him as full of vigor and busy with new plans. It must have been most trying to the Senator, for the next day his friends would learn—"from the inside," the correspondent assured them—that he was on the point of quitting politics for good.

The first story of Senator Hanna's failing health was written by a young man who was on very friendly terms with the chairman of the National Republican Committee and should have known better. A day or two after his column had appeared in print the reporter stood waiting for the elevator when he was suddenly seized from behind and hurled lightly some eight feet. When he recovered sufficiently from his surprise to look around he encountered the smiling politician who said, "Well, young man, I'll convince you of the inaccuracy of those stories you have been printing about me."

Mr. Hanna and the Pressman On one occasion a young newspaper man saw at Mr. Hanna's house an old photograph of the Senator as he looked when he wore a flowing beard.

"Oh, would you mind loaning me that portrait?" inquired the enthusiastic scribe. Mr. Hanna looked at him.

"Why, my boy, I wouldn't have that picture printed for a thousand dollars." Then the reporter, imbued with that determination characteristic of the profession, resorted to diplomacy. A few days later Senator Hanna, suspecting nothing, wrote out for him an order to a photographer to "Give bearer such photographs of my residence and such other pictures as he may desire." The enterprising newspaper man happened to be in the Hanna offices when the national chairman received a copy of the newspaper, staring from the front page of which was the tabooed picture as natural as life. He did not get angry in the least, but, instead, simply turned to the reporter and smiled in a way that meant almost as much of a tribute to the young man as would have an increase in salary.

When Senator Hanna suddenly sprang into national prominence almost in a day, four years ago, many persons who were not thoroughly conversant with his life story marveled at the acquaintance, apparently of long standing, which he possessed not only with politicians but with men and women prominent in the world of art and literature. A large volume which has a prominent place in the Hanna home explains it all. It is filled with autographic sentiments from an endless list of the men and women who occupy places of more or less prominence in the public eye, including pretty nearly everybody from Sara Bernhardt to Edward H. Townsend, of "Chimmie Fadden" fame. Senator Hanna is not in any sense what is termed a "tuft hunter," but he delights to extend the hospitality of his home to people whose intellectuality makes their conversation not only entertaining but instructive. For society, in the common interpretation of the term, the Republican manager cares little or nothing. Next to a little gathering to which cleverness is the passport, he enjoys the companionship of a few of his particular cronies with whom he can talk "shop"—which means, of course, business or politics.

A Homely Taste for Plain Things When Senator Hanna is in his home city of Cleveland he very frequently patronizes a small restaurant in the building where his offices are located. The reason for this was for a long time a secret. The Senator had previously been unwavering in his allegiance to the chef of the Union Club. Finally it leaked out. The director of the destinies of a political party didn't seek the unpretentious little luncheon because it saved time or trouble, but because he could always find there some delicious, old-fashioned, home-made hash.

Probably few people ever think of Senator Hanna as a contributor to charities, but nevertheless the great iron merchant follows the very excellent plan of never turning a deaf ear to the appeals for any worthy cause. The officers of the Salvation Army have always known Senator Hanna as a generous contributor, and as a rule he hands an offering to every wearer of the garb of a Sister of Charity without even inquiring the identity of the institution which she represents. During the campaign of 1896 a poor woman, who sold flowers in the building, brought to Chairman Hanna's desk at headquarters each morning a red carnation. As the fight waxed warmer the campaign manager was often either busy or absent from his office, but in a niche in the desk there was always to be found a piece of silver in payment for the offering of the flower woman.

When in the mood Senator Hanna is a famous story teller, and inasmuch as a majority of his after-dinner tales are based on personal reminiscences he has as yet escaped charges of plagiarism. In the theatre and in a good horse race he takes almost equal enjoyment. For a business man whose time has been fully occupied he is well read, but for art as exemplified in paintings he cares little. Occasionally the author of the Hanna-Payne bill indulges in some diversion that savors very much of a boyish prank. A notable instance of this was afforded when, during the last national campaign, he and President McKinley stole away from their friends one afternoon and gravely consulted a clairvoyant of great local repute in one of the suburbs of Cleveland.

The Absorption of Politics For a long time Senator Hanna persevered in the determination to sign personally every letter which went out from his office, but as the bulk of his correspondence reached enormous proportions he had to give up the ambition. Fortunately he made a great "find" in his present secretary, Elmer A. Dover. One of the qualifications which has endeared this young man to his chief is his ability to imitate exactly Mr. Hanna's signature, a qualification which had not been possessed in so remarkable a degree by any of the Senator's former assistants.

Mrs. Hanna declares that she has been virtually compelled to cultivate self-reliance since her husband went into politics. "I find that I cannot depend upon Mark any more at all," she declared the other day. "However," she continued, "I am getting bravely over my old-time cowardice. The thought of a journey alone to Constantinople does not dismay me any more now than would a trip to New York unattended a few years ago."

Song for a June Day

By Clinton Scollard

YOU and I, you and I,
Footing it together
Under God's blue dome of sky
Through the winsome weather!
Oh, the dream of being free
As the gull above the sea,
Trammeled by no tether!

Free to snatch the moment's mood,
Letting fancy thrall us;
Free to laugh, or free to brood,
If the spirit call us;
Wandering kindred of the wind,
Cousins to the swallow-kind,
Free whate'er befall us!

Gleaning all the glad and good
Teeming earth produces;
Wilding wonders of the wood
Storing for our uses;
Through the sun-enlinkèd hours
Learning tenderness from flowers
With their fragrant cruses.

In each loving shade-caress
Something subtle sharing;
Overtaking happiness
With its beaming bearing;
Under God's blue dome of sky
You and I, you and I,
Far together faring!

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